

★ Liberty

JANUARY 9, 1941

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Whose Ocean?



DO YOU KNOW?

- When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33½ percent more in 10 years! You get back \$4 for every \$3 you invest!
- These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded

semiannually!

- Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes savings easy!
- Joining your bank's Victory Club (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for War Bonds for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.

On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there's scarcely a square foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers—*our* soldiers—American women and children—*our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop* a bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Let your employer set aside 10% of your pay every payday. Each time your savings amount to \$18.75, you get a bond worth \$25.00 in ten years. That's the way we *Americans* will do it. We won't sit back indifferent.

We won't "wait and see" until there's nothing left to see.

"Do it now" is a good American slogan. So let's *do* it!

It's later than you think!



**EVERYBODY
EVERY PAY DAY**

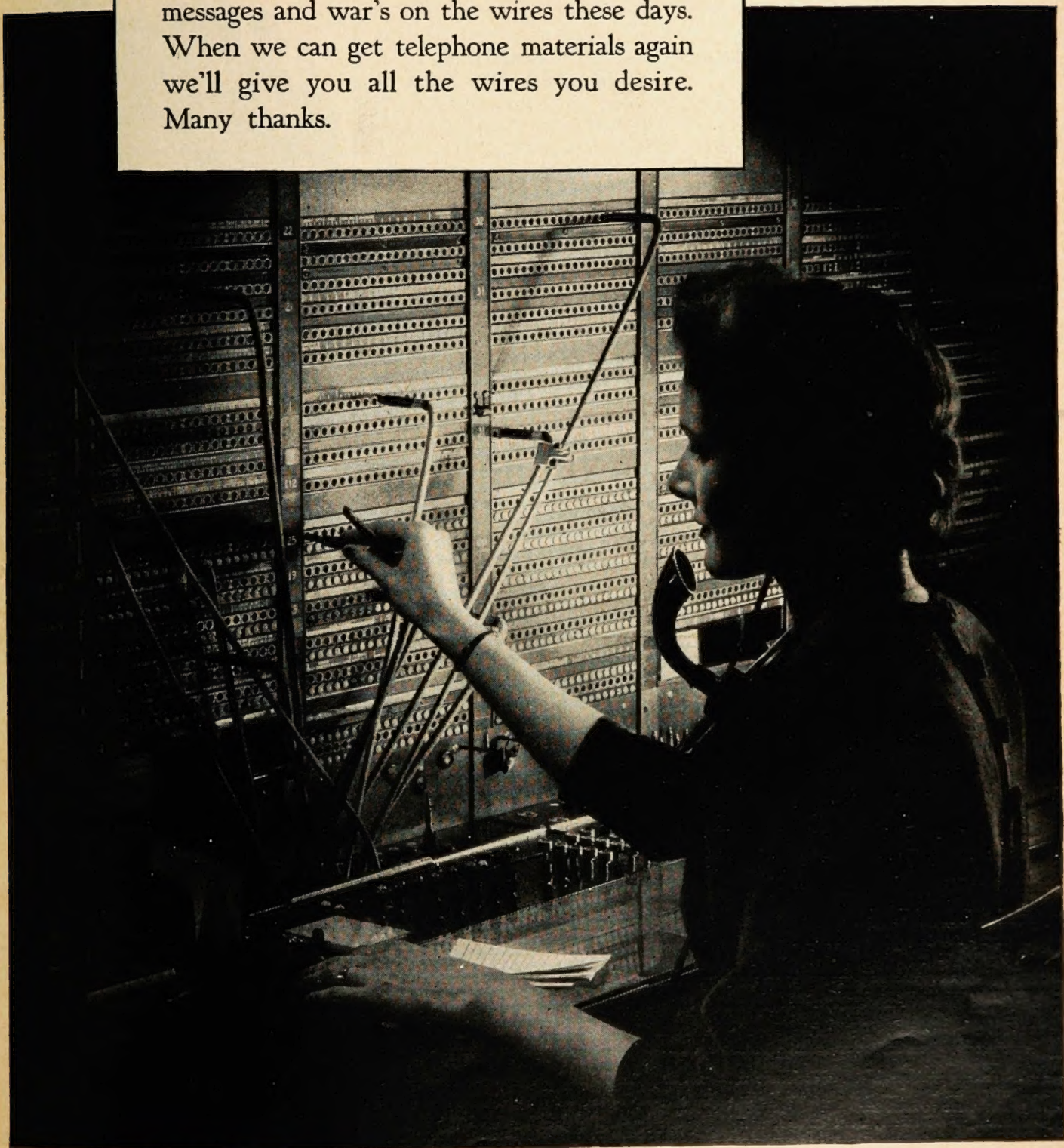
10% in War Bonds

This space is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by LIBERTY MAGAZINE

"AN URGENT CALL FOR YOU"

"Please do not make Long Distance telephone calls to war-busy centers unless it is really necessary."

That helps keep the lines open for war messages and war's on the wires these days. When we can get telephone materials again we'll give you all the wires you desire. Many thanks.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



In This Week's Liberty

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- ★ **AMERICA FIGHTS**
When the Wasp Went Down, *Lieut. (j.g.) David V. Senft, U. S. N., as told to Alan Hynd* 8
This Man's War, *Old Sarge*..... 44
- ★ **STORIES**
The Intruder, *Mona Williams*..... 14
Bad Influence, *Bertram B. Fowler*..... 18
Parachutist—Liberty's Short Short, *Horatio Winslow*..... 22
Dawn's Early Light—Part V, *Elswyth Thane*..... 24
- ★ **POLITICS**
Our Horse-and-Buggy Congress, *George Creel*..... 10
- ★ **FUN**
What Do You Remember About 1942? *Ted Shane*..... 26
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) 60
- ★ **MOVIES**
Metro's Glorified Mrs., *Elizabeth Wilson*..... 12
Liberty Goes to the Movies..... 56
- ★ **LIVING**
Do You Fit Your Job? *Gretta Palmer*..... 16
Adieu to '42 20
- ★ **FEMININITY**
To the Ladies, *Alexandra Kropotkin*..... 43
- ★ **BOOK**
The Ox-Bow Incident—*The novel by Walter Van Tilbury Clark abridged to a reading time of one evening* 27
- ★ **MISCELLANY**
On the Beam, *The Pilot*..... 5
Vox Pop 6
Just Between Ourselves, *The Editors*..... 7
The Gyp of the Week, *Frank W. Brock*..... 22
Tricks of Trades 51
Direct Hits, *Robert Ormond Case*..... 65
- ★ **EDITORIAL**
The New Congress and the New World, *Paul Hunter*..... 66

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

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NEXT WEEK

PUBLIC OPINION ON THE WAR

Whenever a thing is done woefully late, the officeholders cry: "We *couldn't* act sooner! The people wouldn't have stood for it—were blind to the need!" How



true is that in this wartime? Were public or officeholders first to wake up to the need of national unity? Of sacrifices by all? Of wage and price ceilings? Of broadening the income-tax base? In answering such questions the Gallup polls are just about infallible—and DR. GALLUP reports answers that will at least make John Q. Everyday American Citizen feel most self-respecting!

FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF MURDER!

Wasn't it strange that a man should carry in his locked briefcase four wills signed by four different people in each of which he was named as beneficiary to the tune of about a million dollars? It seemed so to the Ballisters, who examined the briefcase after its owner was injured in a plane accident. They were a couple who lived by their wits—and if it was a racket they wanted to get in on it. So they started on a dangerous trail. Follow them in PAPER CHASE, a fast-moving mystery serial by OLIVER WELD BAYER—a story of carefully planned murder, crammed with excitement and breathless with suspense.

HE GIVES BACK WHAT HITLER HANDS OUT

What sort of guy is the Russian equivalent of our Private Bill Jones? A. P. DAVIES answers that question in a revealing article about the workers and peasants—who have proved they can also be magnificent soldiers—who make up the Soviet army. When you've finished reading about "the Russian Bill Jones" you'll not only know what he looks like, what he eats and reads, and how he enjoys himself on leaves, but you'll have a pretty good idea of the indomitable spirit that has kept him in there slugging for a year and a half, in spite of all the horrors the Nazis have handed out.

Piper Cubs are among the "put-puts" about to go to war, now that the army has put out the welcome mat for light planes of all types.

ON THE BEAM BY THE PILOT

Try, Try Again!

The little "put-put" airplane of the type seen at every airport before the war has just escaped being a war casualty. For two years the light-plane manufacturers have been trying to "sell" the army on the idea that the "put-puts" can perform many useful war tasks—and gotten nowhere.

Light-plane proponents, however, continued to plead their case, taking every opportunity to demonstrate what the light plane could do. The results were impressive. A light plane scooting along in the skies at 100 miles an hour could spot many a submarine missed by a faster high-flying army job. A light plane could rush priceless parts a few hundred miles when army planes were not available. An army officer could hop a ride in a "put-put" from one post to another and save a great many hours. In combat zones it could serve the artillery and infantry in observation and liaison work, for the light planes can land almost anywhere.

Army men were still skeptical. Meanwhile the assembly lines of light-plane plants were all but shut down for lack of orders.

Today the outlook is optimistic. It cannot be told how many light planes will be built in 1943, what they'll be like, or what they'll be used for. But it can be said that the "put-put" has pretty well carved out its place as an essential tool in the war machine.

Startin' 'Em Young

The smartest government plan yet undertaken to popularize aviation training among American youth has been launched by the Civil Aeronautics Administration. Students of

14,000 high schools which have instituted preflight aeronautics courses may qualify for a CAA "certificate of aeronautical knowledge." Examinations will be identical with those given to applicants for private pilot licenses. The examinations will cover Civil Air Regulations, meteorology, navigation, and servicing aircraft. Having passed these ground tests, high-school students who move on to actual flight training will have saved several months in training time.

The first examinations are planned for this month and at the end of each new semester thereafter. Schools wishing to join the plan must apply to CAA.

This is the type of government-sponsored aviation education which gave Germany such a head start in the war. We're catching up—fast!

Jumpin' Over Subs

The submarine menace in the Gulf of Mexico has placed a new dependence upon the airplane for vital goods such as drugs, and three plane loads of valuable cargo are making their way each week straight across the Gulf from Miami to Central America. It's only a five-and-one-half-hour flight, but transport airplanes are so scarce that only three round trips a week are possible.

Coming out of Honduras is precious metal. About two tons of silver and one ton of gold are being flown to Miami every week, and there's far more cargo awaiting transportation than there are facilities to haul it. Operator of this charter cargo service is a Central American air line known as TACA, owned by Lowell Yerex, a New Zealander who believes airplanes should be used to haul everything from human beings to cattle, chicle, tractors, and chickens.

Hobby

To an old air dog, flying is just a job, but snapping pictures is something else again.



This tale filters back from Alaska: A civilian pilot with a passion for photography set off on a flight with military cargo for the Territory. Up through Canada, over the rugged snow-whitened peaks of southern Alaska he droned, getting more excited by the minute. Man and boy, he never had seen such a wonderland of clouds, mountain ranges, lakes, and rivers.

At his destination he radioed the control tower, "May I circle once more?"

"Why?" asked the puzzled tower-man.

"Just want to get one more shot. Kodachrome, you know. Marvelous up here."

"Sure. Go right ahead."

P. S.—When he got down he had to march right in to the commanding officer and have all his films examined. Using a camera in the air these days is taboo except by special authority of the War Department.

Odds and Ends

From the A. A. F. in England: An English pilot asked one of the newly arrived American pilots to draw a skunk for him. It was transferred to the pilot's Stirling bomber with the motto "Now we are really offensive."

American crews in Great Britain have picturesque names for their planes, such as Berlin Sleeper, Wimpey, Hangar Queen, Baby Doll, and Little Skunkface.

Do you know that Pearl Harbor lies not between the United States and Japan but 2,000 miles off to one side?

The phrase "critical altitude," which is the altitude representing the maximum performance for which a plane was designed, is often confused with "service ceiling," which is the maximum serviceable altitude. One reason aircraft men are so critical of Major Alexander de Seversky is his frequent comparison of critical altitudes of American fighters with service ceilings of planes of other countries. There is a world of difference between the two.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

PRISON PATRIOTS

MICHIGAN STATE PRISON—Your Mr. Jones (November 7 Vox Pop) is against those in jail being made soldiers. Listen:

Lots of these boys are ex-marines, as myself, soldiers, and ex-navy men, and, above all, patriotic Americans. Maybe Mr. Jones does not know it, but this prison already has 500 men fighting overseas, and a unit of 500 more ready to go into action when called, and our warden is commander.

We have invested over \$30,000 in bonds, stamps, etc. Mr. Jones had better hide his head.—Harold J. Steinhardt, #47965.

G. I. HAIRCUT

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Tell your writers to check up on what the Army gives trainees. Walter Karig, who wrote Somervell of the S. O. S. (November 28 Liberty), is all wet on the Army furnishing haircuts. The trainees here have to hand over to the barber thirty-five copper nuggets to get a G. I. haircut.—Julius Cohen.



RATION WAR BONDS!

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—After watching the stampede to purchase coffee when the official announcement was made that coffee was to be rationed, it occurred to me that it might be a good idea to announce that war bonds would soon have to be rationed.

It's just a screwball idea, but it might sell a lot of bonds, at that!—R. Hadley Patterson.

THAT'S TELLING 'EM, BOY!

SEATTLE, WASH.—Some of the Western folk might do a little research before they start "squawking" about their wonderful football teams.

To Tall, Tough, and Muscular (November 14 Vox Pop) and any others that have the same idea:

I would like them to look at A. P.'s grid poll for the week ending November 21, 1942. Notice that not one West Coast team appears on the first ten of the nation, and, better yet, one of his

so-called pantywaists is at the top of the list! I would also like to call to their attention the fact that throughout this year's football season the former Big Ten, now Nine, has always had three teams or better on the first ten of the nation.

Now, T. T., and M., pull in your ears. —"Pens," U. S. Navy.



COME, NOW!

KADOKA, S. D.—For about six years I've been reading Liberty. Hard Tack always comes first, then the Vox Poppers. But why skimp us down to only one page? Come, now—I know you get more letters than that. Seems to me you promised us more reading* when you began charging that extra nickel. —Mrs. L. C. B.

* Haven't you noticed?

ONLY ONE FLYING FORTRESS

WICHITA, KAN.—In reading Air Power Is Not Enough! (November 14 Liberty) the author mentioned the B-24 four-motored Flying Fortress. The B-24 is a four-motored bomber, but it could not legally be called a Flying Fortress. The Boeing Airplane Company builds the B-17 Flying Fortress and the name Flying Fortress is a registered trademark and therefore could not be given to any other plane. B-24 is a Consolidated product.—Marvin Wright.

FUR STILL FLIES!

OGDEN, UTAH—Has Pittsburgher (December 5 Vox Pop) ever been in Texas, Louisiana, or the Carolinas?

They have the most beautiful, gra-



cious, and hospitable girls in the United States. They have the Yankee girls beat by miles. The Yankee girls are too high and mighty.

May I add I am Yankee born and Rebel raised?—Jeanne, an Army Brat.

COWBOYS AND SIX-GUNS

KILLDEER, N. D.—Thanks for the excellent layout given Leo D. Harris' Boom on the Range (November 14 Liberty).

Letters came to Leo from distant points. One lady inquired if our cowboys still wear six-guns, or if not, when did they quit? We hasten to assure her that, while they often pack a .30-.30 in the saddle boot for coyotes, Mr. Colt's brain child is no longer regular equipment.—J. O. Severtson, Secretary, Killdeer Town Criers Club.



MIGHTY REFRESHING

CORINTH, MISS.—Since Paul Hunter has been writing the editorials for Liberty, I read them with relish and appreciation. He has something. I guess it's just common sense and honesty, and that's mighty refreshing. I'm not a newcomer to the Liberty family, as my subscription has been continuous for ten years.

Can we obtain reprints of Paul Hunter's editorials? Some of my good friends are not your subscribers but need to read such good stuff.—W. Thomas Young.

SCRAP GOES BEGGING

ONEONTA, N. Y.—That idea about scrapping steel filing cabinets for the war effort (November 28 Vox Pop) is more war hysteria, making mountains out of molehills.

I can show you thousands of tons of first-class scrap—railroad rails used as fence posts, and a 200-foot abandoned steel bridge wrecked in the '38 hurri-



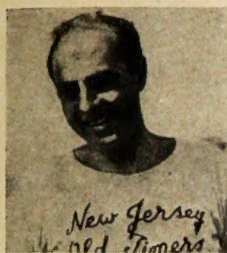
cane, besides covered streetcar tracks, etc.

Why take Civil War relics, church railings, and filing cabinets, auto bumpers or girls' compacts?—Ray Nicholls.

DARN HUMAN AND SWEET

AKRON, OHIO—After reading Visitors from Vermont, by Gordon Malherbe Hillman (November 28 Liberty), I am sitting here with tears in my eyes. I don't think I have read anything so darn human and sweet for a long time. I have a brother who is a Johnny Doughboy like the lad in this story, and until he and all the Johnnies come marching home let us have more stories like that one.—Margarete K. Parker.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



MANY VOX POPPERS

and Cockeyed Puzzle fans have asked us what Ted Shane looks like, so here he is. His What Do You Remember About 1942? is a quiz in this issue that will poke up your memory. Graduating from Columbia University, he was voted Second Most Humorous and Best Writer next to Corey Ford, but he says he refused to be buried that way. He spent two years with the Black Watch (the Royal Highlanders of Canada), which now he considers "sissy." Ted claims he reads the papers the way others read murder mysteries, lives and dies in headlines, and is "probably the first newspaper automaton to be produced in this country."

LIEUTENANT SENFT,

whose thrilling story of the Wasp you will find on page 8, celebrated his twenty-third birthday just two days before the plane carrier was sunk. Always he had thought he wanted to study law, but when the war broke out he enlisted for flight training, and now wants to make a career flying for Uncle Sam after hostilities are over. He has come to the conclusion that nothing in civilian life could equal that.

OUR FAMOUS

calendar cover is on this issue, and we know you will hail it with pleasure. With it, we wish you happy days. Incidentally, the Canadian government has issued a new ruling that after January 1, 1943, holidays in Canada will be limited to six, to fall on Monday or Friday, depending on the day nearest to the special date in question.

THE EDITORS.

\$18.75 buys JUST SO MANY bullets



BUT SUPPOSE HE NEEDS MORE?

What's he going to do :: *Give up?*
NEVER... *Die?* MAYBE.

Because YOU held back about buying another War Savings Bond?

The tough, fresh, brave young men in our Army, from boyhood practice with BB's and 22's, are the best marksmen in the world.

But it's no good any soldier being brave, if he hasn't got *bullets*.

It costs *money* to get material to our boys :: get it fast enough and far enough... to keep them fed, clothed, and SHOOTING!

It takes money for bullets, guns and medicines, for tanks, planes and ships. To win, we've not only got to put our men and plants to work for this war. We've got to put our *money* to work, too.

How to buy a share in Victory

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings

Bonds. You can buy one today for \$18.75. It is worth \$25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare \$18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered

in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

***Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!**

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War.

When high explosives hit a carrier,
things happen—strange, tragic. Read:

WHEN THE WASP WENT DOWN

By Lieut. (j.g.) David V. Senft, U.S.N.

AS TOLD TO ALAN HYND



IF anything funny happened to anybody on the aircraft carrier Wasp that day, it happened to Lieutenant Sam Forrer of Griffin, Georgia, one of the pilots. Sam was in his bunk when the torpedoes started coming in. It was one of those Pullman-style bunks that folded and closed against the wall when not in use. When the first torpedo struck, the repercussion closed Sam's bunk, with him in it.

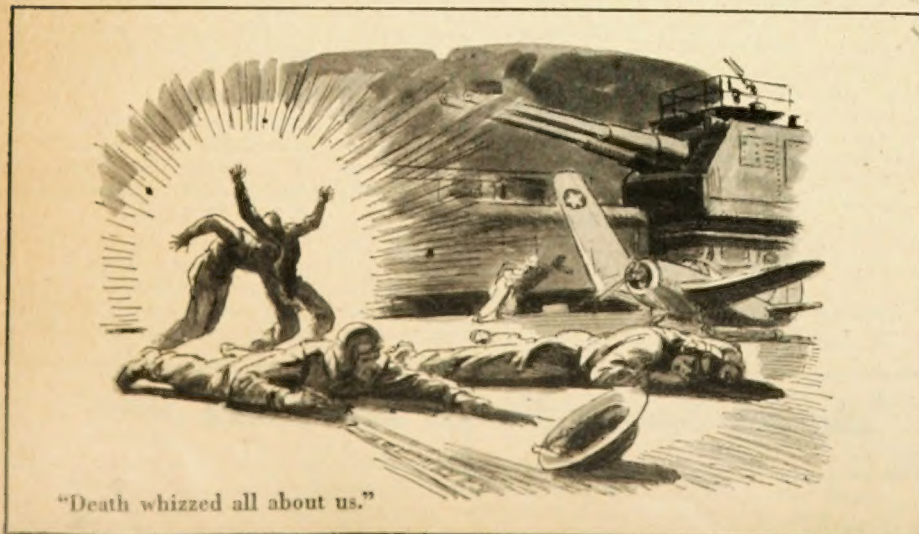
Sam kicked furiously against the

bulkhead and forced the bunk open. Then the second torpedo closed him up again. He repeated the kicking process, only to be closed in by the third torpedo. "It scared the hell out of me," said Sam later. "Boy, those Jap - - - - - s are going to pay for that before this war's over!"

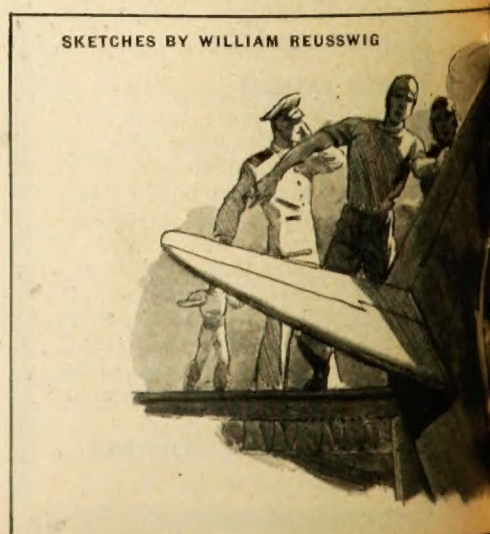
About a dozen of us from Fighting Squadron 71 were in a ready room forward and starboard when the first torpedo struck at five minutes past two on the beautiful afternoon of

last September 15. Lights went out and a terrific explosion went off somewhere beneath us. We were thrown into the air, and almost before we realized what had happened the second torpedo struck and we were knocked off our feet again. Then came the third one. A store of ammunition began going off.

During those first terrible seconds not a word was spoken in our ready room. Then we heard Lieutenant Hawley Russell, our flight officer,



SKETCHES BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG



a New Englander, saying almost casually, "Douse your butts, boys, and let's get the hell out of here."

I came to appreciate navy discipline as we made our way up to the flight deck. The passageway was crowded. Ammunition was still going off. We knew that men must be dying below. Yet it never occurred to anybody to push or shout or move one bit faster.

When we reached the flight deck we saw that the forward part of the ship on the starboard side was ablaze below. Flame and heat continued to set off more ammunition all over the ship. We had no sooner gotten our bearings than some ready stores of stuff started to go off near us. We fell flat on our stomachs while death whizzed all about us. A couple of the boys couldn't duck fast enough, and we lost two friends—for good.

The Wasp was already listing heavily to starboard. Her power had gone with one of the first three explosions, but she was still moving on momentum. Captain Forrest Sherman was on the bridge. His orders had to be passed from mouth to mouth along a hastily improvised human communications network. He was taking advantage of the momentum that remained, and what rudder control was left, to turn the Wasp around sufficiently so that the stiff Coral Sea breeze would be blowing from aft to forward and the fire would be prevented from spreading.

Some of the planes on the flight deck had been knocked right into the sea. Others had been damaged badly. The blasts had caused the flight deck to rise up with such force that it smashed their landing gears. Anyway, take-offs were out of the question. The last of the planes that had been out on patrol duty had come back at two o'clock—just five minutes before the first torpedo struck—and there hadn't been time to arrange all of the planes in take-off formation. As it was, none of us

would have had enough runway.

Lieutenant Russell, the calm New Englander, had his counterpart in Lieutenant Downs Wright, gunnery officer of our squadron. These two men stood forward on the flight deck, ignoring the flames a few feet from them, and held a brief discussion. Then they motioned to us. "The gas and ammunition in all these planes are a hazard," said Lieutenant Russell. "Start shoving them overboard."

We ganged up in groups of six and began. Pretty soon bombers and fighters were dropping into the sea. The carrier was on almost even keel again. The quick-thinking Captain Sherman had greatly reduced the list to starboard by ordering counter-flooding.

I CAN'T say how many planes were on the Wasp, or how many of us were engaged in shoving them into the Coral Sea. But I can tell you that it was a tremendous job. There was little talk among the officers and men. Everybody went grimly and efficiently about his own task.

Once Lieutenant John McBrayer—who had shot down a four-engine Nip bomber at ten o'clock that morning—dealt himself out of the picture temporarily as he was about to help shove a fighter plane over the side. "I'll go to work on another plane," he said quietly. "I can't shove this one overboard; it's the one I flew this morning."

The flight deck, which was wooden, hadn't caught on fire yet, but we knew that it was just a question of time.

We had noticed men at damage-control stations on the flight deck, holding hoses—but there was no water coming out of them. The hoses just lay flat on the deck, and the men would look at each other and not say anything. If the hoses weren't working, it meant the sprinkler system and the other damage-control devices wouldn't be, either. Ammu-

nition was still going off; the Wasp sounded like a battlefield.

Suddenly there appeared from below a man whose clothing was gone, whose face was severely burned. How he remained on his feet was beyond us. "Things are pretty bad below," he said. He was the paymaster. "I got a look in some rooms," he said. "It's like a furnace."

Through different hatches, from which smoke was pouring, the medical men were bringing the injured up to the flight deck. I had often heard that men burned to the point of death screamed in pain; but these men didn't even moan. Some of them just lay there looking about them. Several of them asked the doctors if they thought she could be saved. All of us, officers and men, had been sore at the Wasp from time to time when we lost our meals in angry seas. But we all loved her, underneath, and out there on the Coral Sea that day we were thinking more of her than we were of ourselves.

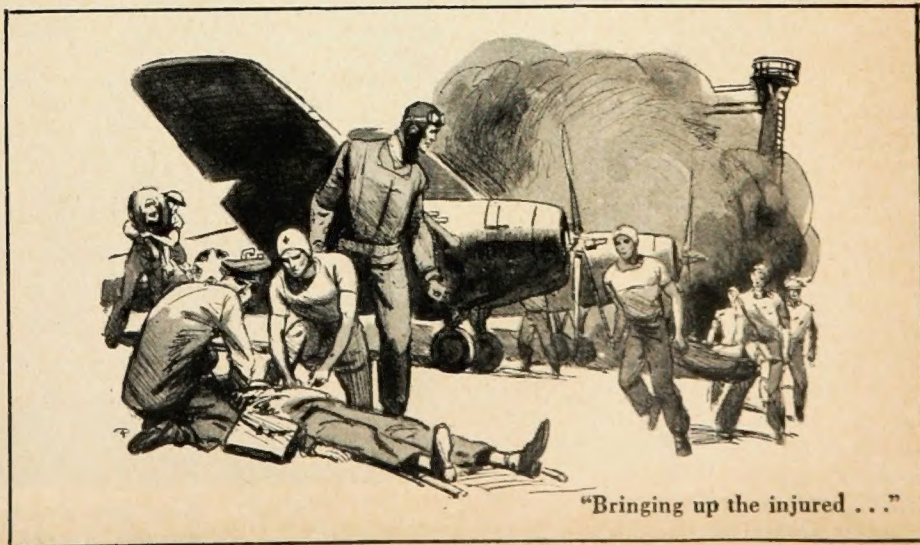
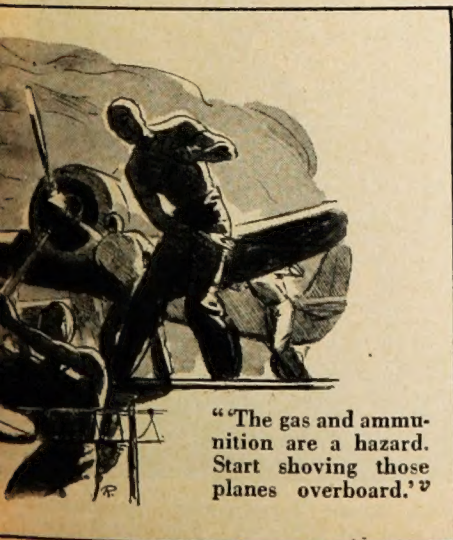
I asked Lieutenant Ray Naegely if he had seen Jack Singer.

"No," said Ray, "but I'll bet he's getting the best story of his life."

Jack was the former sports writer for the New York Journal who had become a war correspondent for International News Service. He was assigned to the Wasp, and became an instant favorite with officers and men. He had often kidded us pilots, none of whom had ever been lost off the Wasp. "If you'd only come in with your tail missing or something," Jack once said to me jokingly, "then I'd have something good to write about." Well, I thought, Jack would have plenty to write about today!

Just then they brought along Lieutenant Commander Jack Shea, who had been killed. A letter would be mailed now—a letter that Commander Shea had written to his five-year-old son, to be sent only in the event of his death. You may have

(Continued on page 48)



A seasoned observer finds our 1943 Congress muffing its job because of 1843 methods

OUR HORSE-and-

INCREDIBLY enough, the Congress of the United States is still organized and operated along lines laid down when senators and representatives rode to Washington on horseback. Were Thomas Jefferson and John Adams privileged to return to the Capitol for a peek, they would find very few fundamental changes.

As a prize example of oxcart stuff, take the "Senate investigations" that are supposed to dig up the information that will help legislators intelligently amend old laws and enact new ones. A fairly efficient method, perhaps, when the Alleghenies marked America's western frontier. Sitting around an open fire, senators could talk intimately with business leaders from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia and get a good idea of what the nation needed.

Now, however, when industry, agriculture, and finance stretch from coast to coast, and with each state presenting its own peculiar problems, it is a method as outworn and outdated as mail coaches, scythes, and muzzle-loading guns. At their best these "investigations" are hodge-podge affairs, achieving no results that could not be gotten far more quickly and cheaply by modern methods. At their worst they are ruthless and highhanded invasions of every civil right the Constitution is supposed to guarantee.

The procedure actually invites abuse, for witnesses before a Senate committee are completely stripped of protection. No advance information is given out as to the line of questioning, they are not allowed to have counsel, and even when grossly slandered are not permitted to cross-examine or to offer testimony in rebuttal. The committee itself is the judge, the jury, and more often than not the prosecutor. Even in the hands of an honest, well meaning chairman it is grossly unfair; when the chairman has an ax to grind, it is a faithful copy of the Spanish Inquisition.

It is a procedure that opens the door wide for demagogues and publicity hounds. Are there enemies a senator would like to punish? Does he crave headlines? Is there a prejudice he wants to satisfy or a preconception he seeks to prove? Does he want to stir up public opinion against or for a certain thing, person or per-

sons? All he has to do is call for an "investigation," and, in accordance with ancient custom, he is made chairman of an investigating committee.

After that it is Yoicks, Tantivy, and Good Hunting. There are no rules of evidence, no counsel to offer objections, and no impartial judge to sustain them. Every Tom, Dick, and Harry can be called to the stand to indulge in innuendo, hearsay statements, and even unsupported charges of crime. Accusations need not have the least base in truth.

Many "investigations" stray far afield from their announced purpose. The "investigation" conducted by Senator Gerald Nye of North Dakota back in 1934 was supposed to be an inquiry into "the practices of manufacturers, sellers, and distributors of arms and ammunition," with a view to recommending legislation.

Actually, Senator Nye set out to prove that the United States had been forced into war in 1917 by a combination of munitions makers and international bankers. The "merchants of death" wanted "blood-stained millions," and the bankers, loaded up with the "worthless unsecured paper of the Allies," commanded Woodrow Wilson to "bail them out." For some time before the hearings Senator Nye lectured from coast to coast, telling of the vast conspiracy he meant to expose. When asked if he took pay for these lec-

tures, he coyly admitted that he received "honoriums."

Despite Senator Nye's acceptance of every wild charge, the "merchants of death" theory soon fell flat. Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, smashed it. According to Mr. Baker, there were no munitions makers in the United States when America went to war, and so obsolete rifles had to be bought from Canada, revolvers picked up in police department museums, and broomsticks used for the training of draftees. Until the very day of the armistice, he admitted, we were dependent on Great Britain and France for all our heavy artillery.

J. P. Morgan, arraigned as the international banker chiefly responsible for forcing President Wilson to declare war, took quite a beating but did manage to get his denials across, although principally by statements to the press. Instead of the Allied loans being "absolutely worthless," more than 85 per cent were secured by gilt-edged collateral in American and other neutral securities.

Perhaps the wildest, and in some respects the funniest investigation of them all was one conducted by a Senate committee in 1933 to inquire into Stock Exchange practices. Here again J. P. Morgan served as a whipping boy, for with a great blare of trumpets it was uncovered that he and many of his partners had paid no income taxes in 1931 and 1932, avoiding them by deducting "paper losses." Frantically enough, Mr. Morgan showed that he and his

Know Your GOVERNMENT II



Some men slug it out with Senate "investigators." As counsel, dynamic Wendell Willkie won his battle with four isolationists.

UGGY CONGRESS

BY GEORGE CREEL

partners had paid \$22,000,000 on "paper profits" in 1927, 1928, and 1929, but that made no headlines.

The conduct of the hearing finally reached a point where Senator Glass, in sheer exasperation, declared that it only needed a few balloons, some soda pop, and a few more freaks to make it a "regular circus." The very next day a bright press agent smuggled a side-show midget into the hearing, plumping her squarely down into Mr. Morgan's lap.

Now and then the Senate "investigators" catch a tartar who slugs it out with them. In 1941 four isolationist leaders—Nye, Clark of Missouri, Clark of Idaho, and Tobey of New Hampshire—conceived the brilliant idea of blaming the motion-picture industry for the spread of war sentiment in favor of the Allies. Apprehensive that the Senate, as a whole, would not authorize any such inquiry, the Big Four induced Senator Wheeler to appoint them on a subcommittee to determine whether an investigation should or should not be recommended. This done, Nye sounded the keynote by booming that the motion-picture magnates were viciously propagandizing against America's neutrality.

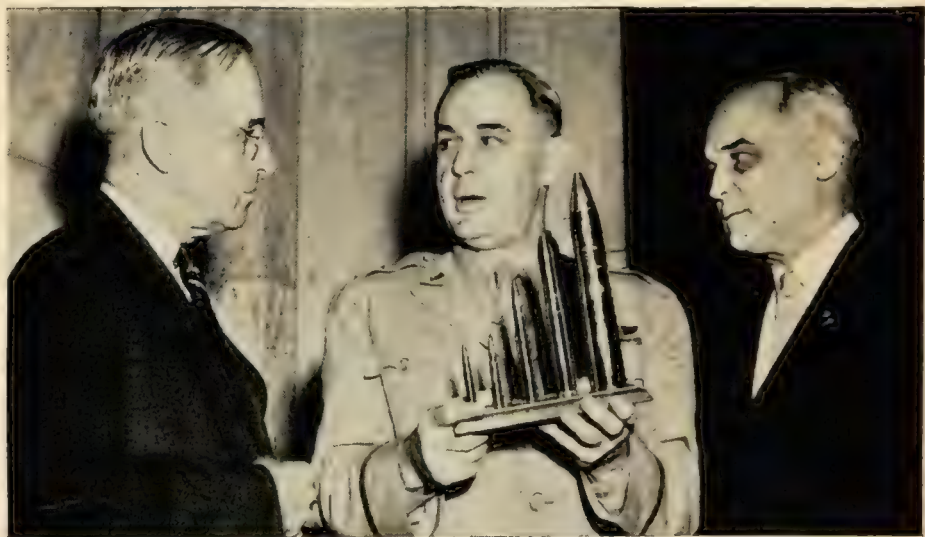
Unhappily for the Big Four, the magnates employed Wendell Willkie to represent them. The dynamic Hoosier was not allowed to cross-examine or offer rebuttal or act as counsel before the committee, but he refused to be browbeaten into silence. He shouted questions and denials. He persisted in interrupting committee harangues, although repeatedly warned not to. He laughed witnesses off the stand by his side remarks, groans, grimaces, and eye-rolling. He held his own press conferences and issued daily statements, nailing lie after lie and finally developing that the Big Four had never seen many of the films they were attacking. After some hectic sessions Nye and his colleagues called it a day and faded from public view.

The Senate Patents Committee, in its recent investigation of deals between Standard Oil of New Jersey and the I. G. Farbenindustrie, also had its troubles. Senator Bone set out to prove actual treason on the part of the American company, and stopped at nothing to make his case. The late William S. Farish, president of Standard Oil, had a thirty-five-page statement which showed, among

(Continued on page 45)



On the "rubber mess" the Baruch-Compton-Conant committee did an ideal job—quick, quiet, orderly, expert, and inexpensive.



The Truman committee did far better than Senate investigators do as a rule. Here Senator Truman (left) examines projectiles.



Standard Oil's vice-president Haslam talks plain United States to windy senators. When accused of lying, he put up his fists.



Greer Garson longs for a sword. Her horses like her better in a kilt. So here she is in kilts.

LAST fall Greer Garson did what an Italian sailor had done some five hundred years before. She discovered America. Columbus was trying to prove to a lot of fuddy-duddies that the world wasn't flat, and Greer was trying to prove that it wasn't flat broke.

"Stay out of the small towns," the Hollywood know-it-alls told Greer when she was mapping out her bond tour. "You can easily knock off a few millions in the big cities. They're rich, and they're pushovers for movie stars. But the small towns haven't got a dime. You want to make a colossal record, don't you?"

Greer Garson is Scotch-Irish, with red hair and green eyes. When she gets her dander up, Hollywood takes to cover. "I'm not interested in breaking records," she said with emphasis. "I'm not trying to be spectacular. The small towns and villages are the backbone of this country. This is just as much their war as it is Chicago's war or Philadelphia's war. I'm out to put salt on the tails of the twenty-five-dollar bonds."

And she did, magnificently. She was on tour for twelve days, and she sold \$10,000,000 worth of bonds, mostly in small denominations. On a typical day she went from Johnson City, Tennessee, to Charleston, West Virginia, 250 miles over mountains. She had got to bed at 2 A. M., and was up at six the next morning to start by automobile at eight, fortified with pills for carsickness. The first stop was Bluefield, where she appeared in a parade, addressed thousands in the streets from the balcony of the hotel, attended a luncheon for those who bought bonds, and made a speech. On the way to Charleston, a stop was made at Beckley, where she spoke to 15,000 people from a platform in the center of the street, and was given a ticket by the chief of police. ("For a job well done," it read.)

Arriving in Charleston late that afternoon, she visited the state Capitol and held Governor Neely's job for a few minutes. Then to a hotel, with forty minutes to change, have dinner, and greet individually 800 men and women who had bought bonds. This gave her just time to go to Laidly Field, where she addressed a rally of 17,000. When she got back to the hotel at eleven that night, she had only strength enough left to boast, "I never lost a spangle."

"Nothing has ever done so much

GLORIFIED MRS.

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

for me as the experience of that bond tour," Greer says. "It made me feel like a real trouser. I traveled at least 250 miles each day, and made eight or nine appearances. When we arrived in a town I would dash up to my hotel room with my maid, change my damp clothes for fresh ones—the heat was appalling—and dash out for another appearance. The trip was 100 per cent inspiration and 100 per cent perspiration.

"I really saw America and the spirit of Americans in action, and I have never been so thrilled.

"In most towns," she confessed, "they were not expecting Greer Garson with red hair, short skirts, and a gay hat but rather a combination of St. Joan, Mme. Curie, and their own mothers. When I shook hands with them they seemed a little in awe—as if I were some kind of saintly woman. I felt rather strange when I realized I was expected to play Mrs. Chips and Mrs. Miniver when I was wearing a bright red hat with a fascinating bird roosting on it, short skirts, and snazzy high-heeled slippers.

"They kept saying to me, 'But you are so much smaller than we thought,' and 'But you are much slimmer and younger,' and 'But you have red hair and freckles.' I tried to explain that I am not Mrs. Miniver off the screen."

When a charming gentleman in Beckley bought a \$100 bond, and said to her, "Mrs. Garson—er—er—I mean Miss Garson, when I saw you as Mrs. Chips, I said to myself, 'I never want to see Greer Garson again.' I just wanted to keep her as a sort of lovely valentine memory," Greer made a mental note to take that up with Mr. Mayer when she returned to Hollywood. A lovely old valentine memory, a quaint bit of old lace, a sweet dove, indeed! She who has more vitality than Boulder Dam.

Every time she's being herself—talking gay chitchat, or swinging her extremely handsome legs over the side of a chair—some one rushes up and slaps a bustle on her. It's enough to depress an actress. She's deeply grateful to Mrs. Chips and Mrs. Miniver, naturally, and she realizes that if it hadn't been for those two dear ladies she wouldn't have had the chance to sell \$10,000,000 worth of bonds. She and Richard Ney mightn't have discovered each other, either. He played her son in Mrs. Miniver. (To be sure, they decided

not to marry before he left, last November, for duty with the navy; but there'll always be a furlough, she says.)

Every actress wants as wide a range of parts as possible, but you can overdo the Mrs. thing. As Greer once said to a reporter, "As far as I'm concerned, M-G-M stands for Metro's Glorified Mrs."

Since the curse of Hollywood typing was put on her, she has made three determined efforts to destroy the illusion that she is a forty-five-year-old matron. Actually she is thirty-one. The first effort was in the summer of 1940. She appeared at the El Capitan Theater in Hollywood in Noel Coward's *Ways and Means* for the benefit of British War Relief. She wore a devastating green nightie that had Hollywood raising its eyebrows up to the hairline. *Ways and Means* proved by far the most popular of the *Tonight at Eight-Thirty* series. It always played to packed houses, to an audience that had brought along field glasses—never before in evidence in Hollywood except at the Santa Anita track.

But Hollywood producers are a strange lot. They took one look at

Greer in that green nightie with her beautiful red hair and her blue-green eyes, and they said, "Zowie! Technicolor!" So they put her in *Blossoms in the Dust*, in which she played Mrs. Edna Gladney, a part best described as Mrs. Chips in a children's home in Texas.

The second mighty effort occurred when she was making *When Ladies Meet* with Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor in 1941. She read the script, noting with particular satisfaction the scene in which Taylor was knocked off a sailboat by a swinging boom and she dived in the ocean to save him.

"Ah," she said, her eyes twinkling, "this is it!"

And she rushed in to consult Adrian, at that time costume designer at M-G-M.

"For that sequence on the sailboat," she said breathlessly, "please, Adrian, a brief skirt with shorts underneath—gay shorts. And the skirt, Adrian, make it so it can be whipped off easily when I dive overboard, you know—"

"Yes, I know," said Adrian, a very understanding young man. "You
(Continued on page 47)



Greer Garson and James Hilton, author of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* and *Random Harvest*. With them are Greer's French poodles which she has enlisted in *Dogs for Defense, Inc.*

THE INTRUDER

There were two men in Norrie's life—and one was only seven years old—but she was afraid to bring them together

BY MONA WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

THE thing that shocked Norrie—that really stopped her in her tracks so that she stood, paralyzed, with her hand on the knob of the door—was that, for the first time in the seven years of his life, she had completely forgotten Denny. From the moment she had picked up the telephone and heard Arnold's voice, Denny had dropped out of her mind, leaving no trace: no guilty conscience, no frantic mental adjustments—nothing. Exactly as though he had never been born.

After two months she saw herself, felt herself, through Arnold's eyes, again a girl just coming into ripeness, precious, new, almost touchingly ignorant.

So it was as serious as that.

She opened the door of her bedroom and went in. There was no human presence in the room, yet it was eloquent of Denny. The little-boy voice—husky, tender, demanding—spoke to her from the model airplane parts strewn over the cot in the corner, from one stubby, dirty sneaker lying impudently across her blue satin mules, from a collection of dead caterpillars and beetles imprisoned in a glass jar on her dressing table. Denny had come home for Christmas.

Every school holiday it was the same. The small tyrant moved in and took possession of her room, her time, her life. Three days from now he would be gone. The tiny two-room apartment would return to its chaste femininity, and Norrie herself would be one of a swarm of young women hurrying in and out of office buildings, department stores, and factories—free as birds, leaning eagerly into life as into a high wind, accountable to no one, tied to nothing.

Impossible to imagine her a mother! Mothers of seven-year-old boys didn't have flat twenty-four-inch waists, long, thin little-girl legs, and wide-eyed faces that looked as though they were watching a curtain go up on the first act.

This was the girl that Arnold was hurrying back to. You couldn't say to a man loving this young, untried Norrie: "It may not be my fault—

but the truth is, my face doesn't fit me. That just-beginning look is all wrong. I was impatient. I skipped to the end of the book first, and although I'm a little confused about the beginnings, I know all the answers. Somewhere, bumming around this world, I've got a divorced husband. Nothing is left of him that concerns me except a faint mouth-puckering bitterness such as a bad dream leaves in the morning. That's not important. This is. There's a thing that ticks inside me all the time, like a second heart, even though you have never heard me speak of him, though I don't see him for weeks. That's Denny, my son."

You couldn't risk saying that to a man who had fallen in love with the first Norrie. Not—not Arnold.

THIS was the last day of the year in which they had met. It had been in September. Denny was at school and she was alone. Walking into this apartment for the first time, Arnold had said, looking around, amused at the smallness, the girlishness of the place, "It's just your dish. You fit in here like a kitten in a basket."

And they had smiled at each other, both pleased at the incongruity of his size and his uniform in this chintz bower she had made for herself.

She had seen him again in November, and not since. But nothing had stood still. Letters had carried them on like a river current, so that when they met again they both knew it would be at a different place from where they had said good-by.

And then—five minutes ago, on the telephone, she had heard his voice: "Surprise, Norrie! We're going to have New Year's together. I couldn't tell you until I was sure I could get leave. It's only forty-eight hours, so there's not a minute to throw away. I just got off the train. I'll get a shave and a haircut and be with you in an hour."

That was typical of him. He didn't inquire whether she had other plans; he asked nothing; he simply told her. And Norrie didn't mind. That was the alarming part of it. She was so far gone she loved even his high-handedness.

An hour. Less than that now. She began to feel that nightmare sense of weighted limbs struggling against time. There was so much to do, but what—what? She stood, useless and trembling, in the middle of her room. She kicked the little sneaker under the flounce of her dressing table and slid the airplane set into its box. It was no good. Denny was just outside, playing somewhere—he'd be in any moment.

She started when she heard the outer door open, but it was only Mrs. Kelly, who came twice a week to clean. She heard the woman moving around in the other room, stamping off her rubbers, and then her warm, hearty voice:

"Miz Barrett—how about me throwing out the Christmas tree? It's gettin' kinda discouraged-lookin'."

"Not yet," she called out in a perfectly natural voice. "I'll take it down in a day or so."

She'd promised Denny they'd light the tree tonight for New Year's. They'd planned that he'd go to bed as usual, but at half past eleven she'd wake him. Then they'd turn on the radio and have gay music, and hang out the window and watch the people, and at twelve o'clock they would have light refreshments. She'd even bought a couple of funny paper hats for them to wear.

"Well," said Mrs. Kelly good-naturedly, "there's nothing deader than a Christmas tree when Christmas is all over."

BUT Christmas wasn't all over. "I'm bringing you a present," Arnold had said. "It's late, but it's been gathering momentum." His voice had had tinsel and red ribbon in it.

A ring. He was bringing a ring.

She stood in the living-room door. "Mrs. Kelly." Her voice didn't sound like her own. It was very loud and abrupt, like a radio turned up suddenly. "You've got to do something for me. It's very important or I wouldn't ask you. You must take Denny to the train. Get him some lunch in a restaurant and put him on the two-o'clock train. He's going back to school today."

(Continued on page 52)

Bitterness went out of him
"Well—I guess it'll be more
like a party if you're there."



DO YOU FIT YOUR JOB?

YOU have a job. Perhaps it's well paid and interesting. But is it the one of all occupations you are best fitted to do? Do you go to work every day thanking your stars that you're not doing something else?

Maybe—if you're among the lucky ones. But if you're like most of us, you drifted into your present work purely by chance—because a friend of your uncle had an opening, or because a Help Wanted ad appeared on a certain morning. It never occurred to you to be measured for a job as you would be for eyeglasses or shoes.

Well, there are scientists who are prepared to do just that. Several groups of learned men are now joined together into nonprofit organizations which test individual clients, for a moderate fee. The Human Engineering Laboratory, in its three branches, is one of the most thorough of these: in two three-hour sessions, for a twenty-dollar fee, it will make an assay of your "aptitudes"—those inborn characteristics

which make you quicker or duller than your brother at a given task. Today the Laboratory is not only working with civilians, but is helping Uncle Sam's Army place the right man in the right job.

Scientists plan eventually to end the human waste involved when a potentially fine locomotive engineer fails as a bookkeeper, or a boy who would have made a good draftsman starves trying to sell brushes.

There are believed to be around 100 aptitudes in all, of which only thirteen are now completely known. These are the key traits, which decide in which major field lies our best chance for success. They are: (1) personality (whether we work best alone or with others); (2) the ability to see relationships easily; (3) the ability to arrange ideas in an orderly sequence; (4) a quick flow of new ideas; (5) a mechanical bent; (6) observation; (7) number memory; (8) memory for design; (9) memory for musical tones; (10) handiness in pencil figuring; (11) finger dexterity; (12) tweezer dexterity; and (13) vocabulary. Fourteen hundred tests have been thought up, tried, and discarded to get the thirteen used today.

Knowing how you rate in tests for these aptitudes and what kind of work demands what aptitudes, the experts can help you choose the most promising career. Ideally, of course, aptitudes should be discovered in

childhood, so that people would be on the path of satisfactory job adjustment from the start. But the experts can also help people who have wasted years in the wrong niche, by showing them how to continue with the work in which they have been trained but with greater satisfaction and success.

Take the case of a short-story writer who turned up at the Laboratory a few years ago in a mood to give up being an author. His earnings were fairly satisfactory, and he had never tried anything but writing. Yet his work involved so much agony that he hoped the psychologists would advise him to chuck authorship for carpentry.

At the end of the thirteen tests the picture was clear: his greatest gift was a ready flow of new ideas. That was the reason for his comparative success as a writer. But his unhappiness was explained, too—the personality test showed that he was the type who is happiest if he works with many people. He was advised to continue writing but to give his sociability a break by lecturing on the side. (He was also told he would make a rotten carpenter.)

Will power alone, according to Johnson O'Connor, director of the Laboratory, will never bring contentment or success, in spite of the puritanical belief of most of us that we're at fault if the work goes badly. A man fitted by nature to do his



If you're good at this, you probably possess a mechanical bent.



Here's another structural visualization test. Surgeons, architects, mechanics score high in these.

There's a *right* job for every person, says Science—and the day is coming when getting it won't be left to chance

BY GRETTA PALMER



Vocabulary tests show that the exact knowledge of words and their meaning seems to go hand in hand with big money-making.

job does it with ease and pleasure. The man who tackles an uncongenial task and then spends most of his energies battling his own dislike has two strikes against him from the start.

Take the case of a salesman. About to be fired for failing to meet his quotas, his firm sent him for testing, to help him decide what job to look for next. This man surprised every one by showing a high capacity for salesmanship, except in one minor respect: he scored very low in the ability to handle figures. His only clerical task was listing his commissions once a week. One of the Laboratory's experts followed him around through his week's tasks. He found that, as the time for making up the report drew near, the salesman worried desperately about the distasteful task hanging over him. On the last days of the week he actually avoided making sales, to save himself the burden of reporting them. At the suggestion of the Laboratory, the firm kept this man and lent him a clerk for one hour a week. The next year his sales topped the organization!

Success stories like these are common in the files of the Laboratory, which has been testing individuals for the past nineteen years. Its clients include some of the biggest companies—General Electric, American Tel. & Tel.—but most of its work

is done with bewildered individuals. Fifteen thousand such men and women were tested last year. Mr. O'Connor has never found any one who did not possess more than average ability for at least one kind of work. The trick is, of course, to fit the round peg to the round hole.

Thirteen years ago a class of engineering-school graduates was tested at the Laboratory. One of the tests consists of trying to assemble a number of irregularly cut blocks into a pyramid. Intelligence doesn't enter into it. Feeble-minded children have assembled the blocks far more quickly than some college professors. This test gives a measure of a man's ability in such jobs as engineering, architecture, and mechanics.

The engineering students were also given the personality test, which shows whether a man functions best as a solitary worker or in a group. These young men went about their careers with no reference to the results of the tests. Twelve years later their progress was checked. The men who had found the work *which was in line with their natural aptitudes* were making more money at the end of two years than the others made ten years later!

Such surveys indicate that success is less a matter of general intelligence, education, or luck than of the answer to one question: Are you doing the job for which you're fitted?

In the past, "the breaks" consisted largely in finding your niche by sheer damfool luck. But sometimes a man lucky enough to land in the perfect job runs up such a record that he is promoted to doing something else—and then his luck fails him.

A disheartened shabby man who recently came to the Laboratory was the victim of just such a promotion. He had been working for a chain-store concern and had made a name for himself by suggesting improvements in the appearance of the stores. Since sales mounted after his visits, the executives tagged him as a crack sales-promotion man and put him in charge of that department. He had failed miserably and had become very discouraged.

The tests showed that this man had remarkable powers of observation. This quality had led him to his first success. But he scored low in a quality essential for the promotion man—the ability to get a lot of ideas in rapid succession. Left in his first job he would have been a valuable man; a mistaken promotion to uncongenial work ruined his life.

Probably the greatest mistake made by executives lies in taking the solitary worker and putting him in charge of other men. If you are such a worker, avoid a supervisor's job like the plague! In one factory forty foremen were tested. It wa

(Continued on page 58)

BAD INFLUENCE

Georgie played hockey like a gentleman until he spotted the red head behind the penalty box. Then his game turned into a blitzkrieg

BY BERTRAM B. FOWLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

SITTING there on the bench in the Panthers' dressing room, Georgie Blake was feeling very low. It did not excite him to think that in a few minutes he would take the ice to play the crucial game with the Bears—the game to decide who should meet the Eagles for the final Stanley Cup series.

In fact one of Georgie's troubles was that he was altogether too nice a boy to get excited over the kind of hockey they played in the big leagues. Georgie had everything that a good hockey player should have—or almost everything. That's why Rocky Burns had picked him at Eveleth and tried to make a great star out of him.

But Georgie was too much the gentleman. While he could skate and handle a stick with the best of them, Georgie never put the oomph that Rocky desired into the game. To Georgie, hockey was a game of grace, speed, and skill and not the modified manslaughter Rocky liked.

However, all that had nothing to do with Georgie's gloom on this particular night. Georgie was sunk because he had just heard that his application for the Army Air Corps had finally been turned down.

Georgie had set his heart on being an army flyer. He had passed all tests, physical and mental, in a walk. But a special test had brought forth the fact that he was afflicted with a mysterious type of height vertigo that ruled him out of the air.

Georgie knew just when he had gotten that height vertigo. It had happened on a night when he was playing for the minor leagues and had been knocked cold. For a while after he recovered he grew dizzy whenever he looked directly down at any distance lower than the level of his feet. Gradually the dizziness had subsided for all the normal pursuits of his life—but evidently not sufficiently to qualify him as an army flyer.

The examining doctors, listening to Georgie's story, had told him that there was no treatment they could give him. They were of the opinion that the malady would leave him as quickly as it had come—through shock or some similar occurrence.

This was of little comfort to Georgie, because, the doctors admitted, on the other hand, he might go through his whole life without running into the exact experience that would set him right.

So low was Georgie that he did not even notice when Rocky Burns prowled into the dressing room like a starved tiger seeking meat. All the rest of the boys cut out their chatter and became very still. But Georgie did not even raise his head.

Rocky had got his nickname on account of his face, which looked as if it had been quarried out of rock by a bunch of guys who had not been too careful with the dynamite. His voice usually sounded like a coarse rasp working over a piece of cast iron. But as he started to speak this night it was kind of smooth and soft and as phony as a Nazi peace offer.

"My dear boys," he said, "you will be pleased to hear that my troubles are over. It seems that the Ladies' Volunteer Purity League is considering staging an ice pageant. Having seen you boys play hockey, they have gladdened my sad old heart by making me a most tempting offer. They are convinced that you



are exactly what they have been looking for. They will dress you in frilly costumes and put wreaths of flowers on your heads and you will do a little number called The Dance of the Blameless Hours. I just couldn't wait to tell you boys that your peculiar talents have been recognized at last."

He drew a deep breath, and for a moment his face turned purple, as though he were choking on something. When he got his breath back, he went on, "So I want you boys to go out there on the ice and let the ladies of the Volunteer Purity League see you with everything but the lacy frills and wreaths of violets."

Waltz around like you always do when a game starts. It would be sweet of you to do your Dying Swan number when the Bears start a rush. But, whatever you do, do not shock the dear ladies by playing hockey. Goodness gracious, no!"

At that moment the signal sounded to warn the boys it was time to take the ice. Rocky's face took on a shade deeper purple as he roared, "Get out there, you pantywaist bums, and let me see some hockey!"

Now, while Rocky's sarcasm had blistered a lot of the boys, it had made absolutely no impression on Georgie. In fact it is very doubtful if Georgie heard a word of it, so

deep was he in his own troubles. So Georgie went out on the ice to play his usual smooth gentlemanly game of hockey. He undoubtedly would have played the same brand of hockey through the game had not a most unusual thing happened in the first period.

Frenchy LaRein, the left wing of the Bears, had the puck and was coming down fast on the Panther defense. Georgie was right at his heels, straining to overhaul the flying Frenchman. Reaching for the puck with his stick, Georgie stumbled. His reaching stick hooked around one of Frenchy's ankles and Frenchy did a neat flip in the air and came down on his ear.

The referee's whistle tooted and Georgie turned pale. He appealed to Mickey Faber, the referee, "It wasn't intentional. You know that I wouldn't deliberately trip a man."

Mickey said harshly, "I only know what I see with my eyes, Blake. Two minutes in the cooler for you."

Georgie skated slowly over to the penalty box with his head hanging in deep disgrace. The crowd gave him a loud and fat boo and he could feel his face burning with shame. In the penalty box he glanced around guiltily, expecting to see many angry faces glaring at him.

That is, Georgie started to look around. But he suddenly stopped short in the middle of his look with his heart doing a slow turnover.

The reason for Georgie's sudden heart attack was sitting right behind the penalty box. This reason had hair of a coppery red, like the sun going down at the end of a beautiful day. Her eyes were clear amber and her lips were coral. As she met Georgie's eyes she gave him a shy smile, and the dazzle of it went through him like an electric shock.

YOU must know that up till this time Georgie had never had any time for girls, all his thoughts having been occupied with what he believed were more serious things, like playing hockey or getting an education or into the Army Air Corps.

Now, as he looked at this gorgeous creature, Georgie was thinking how wonderful it would be to know such a girl and be able to go to her for sweet comfort as he poured out all his bitter disappointment into her delicate ears.

These thoughts made Georgie forget everything—where he was, the game, even the time of his penalty. The fellow who kept the time on penalties had to push a protesting Georgie out on the ice.

Out there, Georgie skated slowly to his position, saying over and over
(Continued on page 49)

Because of the beautiful
redhead, he played with
the abandon of a guy try-
ing to start a mass riot.





ADIEU TO '42

THE traditional American way of welcoming a new year calls for a melee of gay cacophony, masculine and feminine laughter, tons of confetti, and cases of champagne. But with a paper shortage, champagne at a premium, and nothing to be hilarious about anyway, the occasion threatened to be somewhat of a dud this year for service men separated from their sweethearts, and for girls whose boy friends are scattered all over the globe. But there are no priorities on laughter in a democracy even in wartime, and in New York two lonely-heart groups combined forces to uphold tradition.

The lonesome chorus girls of Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe night club are shown here throwing a pre-New Year's party for lonesome soldiers, sailors, and marines of all nations. Even though they are all pinch-hitting for some one else, the ersatz companionship is obviously agreeable to all concerned—and no wonder. For the twenty-four lovelies of the Diamond Horseshoe are among the most beautiful in New



Ruth Rathbun wants to play leapfrog on the bar, so a Britisher sheds his dignity.



Noise being a prime objective, Cynthia Blaire and her partner find a microphone very helpful.



Uniformed men and costumed girls have a whale of a time kicking the old year off the calendar to make way for a more hopeful one.

York—hand-picked from 1,500 applicants—while the service men are also a selected lot, although draft boards are said not to be quite as particular as Billy Rose.

A chance to dance with chorus cuties is in itself something to celebrate, since New York chorines are not allowed to mingle with patrons. But of course invited guests are not patrons, so no rules were fractured.

These girls have just about the softest night-club jobs in town—all they have to do is look beautiful twice an evening. Billy Rose's night-club shows usually run at least a year, so there are no new routines to learn. They don't call for much dancing anyway, as the bulk of the entertainment is furnished by old-time vaudeville acts. So the girls have plenty of time to spend in the war effort. They remain in costume to sell bonds and stamps between shows.

They've given a number of afternoon parties like this one for service men. They appear frequently at the Stage Door Canteen. Several have even gotten around to taking first-aid courses. The modern show girl, it seems, comes equipped with a heart and maybe even a few brain cells, among other accessories.



THE GYP OF THE WEEK By FRANK W. BROCK

MOTOR VITAMINS

HAVE you got moth balls in your gas tank? It's no joke. Thousands of motorists are paying dollars a pound for camouflaged moth balls trade-marked and packaged as "magic gas savers."

But that's only one of the fakes. For years street hawkers have given trick demonstrations of spark-plug gadgets which, seemingly, "intensify" or "convert" a weak spark into a ball of fire which explodes every atom of gas and steps up car mileage.

Automotive engineers still wearily point out that the device increases, rather than decreases, gasoline consumption.

Other gas savers which have an unbroken record of failure are the various mechanical contraptions to be installed between the carburetor and the intake manifold. Usually termed "vaporizers" or "carbonizers," their sole function is to add more air to the perfectly balanced mixture delivered by the carburetor. To compensate for the additional air it is necessary to adjust your carburetor to deliver a richer mixture; thus this "saver" wastes gas. But some drivers swear by them—until they learn the truth and swear at them.

Despite the fact that the United States Patent Office has granted more than 3,000 patents on contrivances for increasing mileage, not one has been successful! Some day some miracle man may invent a simple device which will increase the power produced from gasoline—but he hasn't done it yet.

No, there is no panacea that will rejuvenate your old motor and cause it to deliver increased mileage. No panacea except care, proper adjustments, and careful driving. What can be accomplished is attested by Dr. H. C. Dickinson of the U. S. National Bureau of Standards:

"I get forty miles from a gallon of gasoline while driving my car about in this city, merely by watchful guidance," he said.

PARACHUTIST

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

IT was four o'clock in the morning, with Santa Emilia in the throes of a gusty blackout. From a gap in the Sierra Madres the wind rolled down on the California coast, lifting cloud racks of dust.

At the corner of Pineway and Ramon the precinct air-raid warden found young Mr. Mullins, helmet on head and gas mask at his side. On sighting his chief the post warden hastily extinguished an illegal cigarette.

"This time," said Mullins, "they can't tell us it was an unidentified plane. I had an Incident."

"What kind of an Incident?"

"The real thing. A parachutist."

The precinct warden perceived that at last the war was striking home. "Where is he?"

"We got him. I was standing right here when the parachute came down back of 832—right across the road. The air was thick, but I spotted it. I waited a couple of minutes—of course if I'd had a gun I'd have gone right over—and then a light came on in the house and a woman began to scream." He paused.

"Well, what did you do?"

"I don't know the woman's name. They moved in today—just a man and his wife. He works on a night shift, so he wasn't around."

"All right, but what happened?"

Like a skilled teller of tales Mullins progressed slowly toward the high spot of his story. "I ran over to 816. There's an open-phone there. I called Zone Headquarters. When I got back the woman was still yelling. Probably the Jap was twisting her arm or something."

"Go on. Tell the rest of it."

"The auxiliary police came and some regular police with tommy guns, and there was an ambulance. They broke down the door—you could hear the glass smash. The woman had started screaming, 'Help! Somebody please help!' I'll say it was exciting."

"Sure. Go on. What else?"

"I could hear 'em stamping around in the house. Pretty soon they carried the woman out on a stretcher.

Then they took the stretcher in again and brought out the Jap. I guess the police must have conked him."

"Didn't you ask any questions?"

"Yeah, but they wouldn't even let me get near what was doing. A tall fella with gray hair was running the platoon. All he'd say to me was, 'I can't talk, kiddy. Enemy ears may be listening.'"

The precinct warden nodded. "That's Clark—old Highpockets Clark. I soldiered with him in France. He'd call the Secretary of War 'kiddy.' Where's that phone? He'll talk to me."

Eventually Clark was located in the junior high school which served as zone casualty station.

"Say, Highpockets, this is Bob."

"Hello, kiddy. What are you doing out so late? You might get lost or blown away or something."

"Look, Highpockets, my secret agents tell me you pulled a parachutist and a woman out of my precinct."

"That's right, kiddy."

"How about a few details?"

"Can't say a word, kiddy. It's military secret. Enemy ears may be listening. And, say, here's something the sheriff wants all you precinct wardens to do tonight."

"Yeah?"

"Some Japs are loose around here. If you spot any Oriental, make sure whether he's a Chinese or a Jap."

"How do I do that?"

"It's easy, kiddy. You come up in a friendly way and shake hands with him. If he throws you over his shoulder he's a Jap." The connection was broken.

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. That's one of his specialties. I'll investigate later. What happened to the parachutist?"

"The Jap must have taken it with him. I couldn't find it."

The wind had died down and dawn was lifting the blackout curtain in the east when the siren sounded the All Clear. As he started home it occurred to the precinct



"The auxiliary police came, and some regular police. They broke down the door. It was exciting."

warden to visit the scene of the Incident.

Glass panes on the front door had been smashed and there was blood on the steps. Surprisingly enough, the rear door and all the windows were closed and locked. He was pondering this when, in the adjoining back yard, he saw a canvas hemisphere striped red and white. He vaulted the fence. It was a beach umbrella with a hook screwed into the ferrule. Stenciled across it in black letters ran the legend, "Square Deal Awnings Give Longer Service." Obviously the wind had lifted it from the Square Deal store for a two-block aerial ride.

He kicked it and muttered, "Mullins and his parachute! I'll call Highpockets, and I only hope he's in bed and asleep."

HIGHPOCKETS CLARK was neither. His voice came cheerily over the wire. "Wish you were with me, kiddy. Nothing like a highball after a hard night's work."

"Look, Highpockets, what happened? This is my precinct and I have to make a report. What's the low-down?"

"Anybody listening, kiddy?"

"There's nobody listening."

"Is the girl at the switchboard listening?"

"Behave, Highpockets. This is 5.45 A. M. I'm telephoning from my own little home. Was there or wasn't there a parachutist?"

"Sure, kiddy, there was."

"A Jap?"

"Lower your voice, kiddy. Enemy ears. No, I wouldn't say he was a Jap."

"Well, what was he?"

"Don't rush me, kiddy; it's been a hard night. One of the boys in the platoon cut his wrist on the broken glass in the door and the fellow giving him first aid fainted."

"Sounds just like the auxiliary police. Get back to this alleged parachutist."

"O. K., kiddy. Hold your ear close to the receiver."

The precinct warden detected a gurgle, as of a strong man swallowing hard liquor. "That's a toast to you, kiddy, because last night your precinct broke all records."

"Sure. And what about the woman? And the parachutist?"

"We got there just in time. A first baby, kiddy—a seven-and-a-half-pound boy. Mother, child, and platoon all doing well."

THE END



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

FOR Julian Day, a young Englishman who was master of a boys' school in Williamsburg, Virginia, the revolt of the colonies against England was a personal revolution. At first he was a Tory; but as the war went on, and George III sent hired Hessians against his own people, and the British burned towns and hanged Patriots, his loyalty swerved. He realized that he had become a Virginian and that he must fight for

Virginia's—and America's—freedom.

Before he left to join de Kalb's Continentals at Richmond, he went to say good-bye to Regina Green-sleeves. Regina, beautiful, arrogant, and a Tory, had been betrothed to St. John Sprague, Julian's dearest friend, but had broken with him when he joined Washington's army. Julian loved her too, but was sure that, deep down, she loved St. John.

"If things were a little different," he told her, "I might be asking you to marry me."

"If things were only a little different," she whispered back, "I might be saying yes."

From Regina he went to bid Tibby Mawes good-bye. Tibby and her twin brother, Kit, were the children of a laundress. The girl had a quick mind and a yearning to use it, and Julian, who taught Kit, got her into a girls' school. Tibby adored him and Julian was devoted to her, but he

thought of her as still a child, never realizing that she was growing up and that she had come to love him with a woman's love. When she showed signs of jealousy in speaking of Regina, he thought it was because she had conceived a schoolgirl passion for St. John Sprague, and he tried to comfort her.

"You want him to have a chance to be happy with her—don't you?" he said. "We must try not to grudge it them, mustn't we?"

And Tibby, understanding that he was breaking his heart over Regina, comforted him instead.

Julian joined de Kalb's army as a common soldier. Without his knowing it, St. John, now a major, had arrived with dispatches and was now acting as de Kalb's aide. Julian saw his friend for the first time at the bloody battle of Camden—just as a redcoat was about to plunge a bayonet into St. John's back!

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

Julian, dedicated to the cause of liberty, learns to be a fighter with Marion's guerrillas—the Commandos of '76

BY ELSWYTH THANE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

JULIAN swung his rifle butt up and hit the bayonet. It took him off balance and he fell with the redcoat on top of him, and they rolled against the feet of St. John's horse. St. John, unscratched, fired his pistol and leaped from the saddle to lay hands on the dead weight pinning Julian down, but de Kalb seized him, bellowing, "Get back to Smallwood! Do you hear? Tell Smallwood—"

Du Buysson, hatless, horseless, and powder-stained, flung himself at the baron from behind. "We can't do it, sir. They're sending the cavalry at us. We can't do it!"

The mighty de Kalb, streaming with blood, hauled St. John up from his knees and threw him bodily against his saddle. "*Damn you, major, will you ride?* Tell Gist to hold fast and we can stop them yet! Tell Smallwood to close up the gap and support me with Gist! It's only Tarleton and his cutthroats. *Ride!*"

A ball caught him in the lung and he sagged coughing into du Buysson's arms, while St. John turned his back on Julian where he lay and galloped toward Smallwood's abandoned post. Behind him he could hear the thunder of Tarleton's troopers coming up. At the same time,

exquisite pain lodged in his right knee, and his horse stumbled but kept on going.

Further weakened by loss of blood, Julian was struggling to free himself from the scarlet-clad body which St. John had not had time to drag away. The ground beneath him shivered to the pounding hoofs of the cavalry charge long before, with a roar, it burst above him, and he lay still where he was, grateful now for the shield of his dead enemy.

Finally, leaving what seemed an echoing silence, the charge had passed and he was still alive. Dazed and giddy, he fought his way to a sitting position, the red-coated man still lying across him, and wiped the dirt and sweat from his eyes. Near him on the ground lay de Kalb with du Buysson on top of him where he had thrown himself to protect his helpless commander. There were saber cuts in du Buysson's back and shoulders, but he raised himself slowly and knelt beside de Kalb and opened his own canteen.

Julian pushed the weight of the dead man off his legs, and crawled on his hands and knees toward du Buysson.

"Is he still alive?" he asked.



"Yes—he's alive." Du Buysson raised de Kalb's head gently in his arms, unmindful of his own bleeding. "Can you get some water between his teeth?"

Together they worked over the prostrate giant, trying to stanch his wounds, using the precious water drop by drop, while the battle raged a few hundred yards beyond them. The baron writhed under their hands and muttered something.

"It's the name of his wife," said du Buysson. "Always he thinks of her. *Mon général—courage, mon général. C'est du Buysson ici. Soyez tranquille—*" Tears were running down his cheeks through the powder stains.

Julian looked around him for Neddy, suddenly fearful of what he might see. The ground was strewn with the bodies of men, some of which moved, or tried to, and some of which were no longer human forms. One of them sat up slowly, wiping dazedly at a cut in his scalp with the tail of his shirt. Julian recognized the language almost before he saw the man.

"Neddy!" he cried. "Neddy, are you all right?"

Neddy pivoted on his seat. His vague gaze found and focused on the man he had taken a fancy to, his wicked leering smile broke crookedly.

"Hullo, laddie. The lobsters cut me wide open. The—" His sharpening eyes went beyond Julian, his grin widened to a sort of canine snarl. "My, my, look what's come amongst us!" he marveled.

A group of British horsemen was bearing down on them over the hideous field. An officer of obvious importance rode ahead, his gorget flashing in the sun.

"It's—it must be Cornwallis," said Julian stupidly, and du Buysson staggered to his feet to face them.

"The Baron de Kalb is severely wounded, sir," he said. "I implore you to give him proper care at once."

"Why, yes, it shall be done," said Cornwallis, taking in the situation

with maddening deliberation. "I am sorry to hear of the baron's—misfortune. Gentlemen, you are all my prisoners."

CORNWALLIS removed his wounded and prisoners to Camden, where de Kalb died of eleven wounds. Du Buysson's were not fatal. Julian and Neddy Price received a surgeon's care and were pronounced fit to set off with a hundred and fifty others, under strong guard, along the hot swampy road for Charleston and the wretched prospect of a British prison ship.

One night, not far from Charleston, they halted to sleep, and Julian dropped in his tracks on the damp ground, and fell into a kind of stupor mixed with delirium, in which his old terror of the wilderness returned and magnified and became a fever-nightmare of trees a mile high and snakes the size of a man's arm. And then, the crowning horror, came the long shrill yell of unseen Indians.

(Continued on page 59)

Julian edged the musket out from under him and struggled to his knees still gripping it.



What Do You REMEMBER About 1942 ?

40 questions by
TED SHANE

1. Who won the Rose Bowl Game played on January 1? Lemon Bowl?

2. Louis B. Mayer reported the highest salary for the year: \$704,-425.60. Who earned over \$500,000 but didn't pay an income tax?

3. On his deathbed, who whispered to Gene Fowler, the writer: "Come closer, Gene . . . hold my hand and lean over . . . I want to ask you something. Is it true, Gene, you are the illegitimate son of Buffalo Bill?"?

4. At his own request, who asked to have his title changed from CINCUS (Sink Us) to COMINCH?

5. We had several visitors from abroad. Identify the following: (a) Mr. Smith. (b) A man who received a field hat, once worn by Prince Otto von Bismarck, as a gift. (c) A few unexpected arrivals who dropped in on Long Island were welcomed by a one-man committee.

6. The President presented the first War Budget for 1942. Was it \$185,890,991.25; \$100,000,000,000; or \$58,927,992,300?

7. Who gave up a salary of \$357,-500 a year to earn \$50 a month?

8. A high-ranking judge joined the army. Who was he?

9. Identify the following: The Man. A Magnificent Hunk of Man. Old Blood and Guts. Lady Haw-Haw.

10. Three roads figured in the news. One closed, one opened, and one was proposed. Name them.

11. Why have the following figures been in the news: (a) \$25,000; (b) ½ pound; (c) 60 degrees; (d) X; (e) B₇; (f) 2½ pounds; (g) 1 pound?

12. Identify Scarsdale Jack.

13. Vice-President Wallace named

the five democracies he hoped to see established universally after the war. Name three. All right—two.

14. Despite a fortune of \$2,000,000, an increase in weight of ten pounds, who returned to the screen after two years' absence?

15. Two men in the army were reprimanded severely for wanting to fight. Why, and who were they?

16. Some one said: "He's too old a hand to get lost in an airplane." Who?

17. One of these sporting facts is untrue about 1942. Which? (a) Harvard defeated Yale in all crew races. (b) The Poughkeepsie Regatta was postponed because of the war. (c) The Santa Anita Handicap was won by Alsab. (d) When he landed in Egypt, Willkie couldn't tell inquiring American soldiers how the Dodgers were doing.

18. On leaving Turkey for a visit home, who gave President Ismet Inönü a learned book entitled Grave Excavations in Turkey?

19. Ragweed and milkweed became suddenly important. Why?

20. What was distinctive about Maria, heroine of the novel, Storm?

21. In sports, what were the so-called "cardinal virtues"?

22. Something called butadiene became suddenly important. Why?

23. There were certain romantic reassortments among the following. Assort and describe what they did:

George Brent	Ava Gardner
Archibald Leach	Ann Sheridan
Sinclair Lewis	Myrna Loy
Thurkel Greenough	Sally Rand
Arthur Hornblow, Jr.	Lana Turner
Stephen Crane	Dorothy Thompson
Joe Yule, Jr.	Barbara Hutton
John Hertz, Jr.	

24. Whose face is said to have launched a thousand ships in 1942?

25. What well known Republican and well known Communist got together for a heart-to-heart talk and found themselves in hearty agreement?

26. Five famous people discharged their doctor. Can you name them?

27. Who said: "I don't smoke, I don't drink, and I am 100-per-cent fit!"? And who replied: "I smoke, I drink, and I am 200-per-cent fit!"?

28. What became "the pistol pointed at the heart of Japan"?

29. Where is Shangri-La and why did it become important?

30. According to Walter Winchell, what was the Washington definition of a genius?

31. Why did the cry, "Where's Elmer?" become famous around Washington during the year?

32. Who was the Queen of the Flattops?

33. Harry Hershfield exclaimed, "He picked a wrong time to be right!" Of whom was he speaking?

34. Aruba got in the news because it's (a) a Malay jungle monkey; (b) an ancient name for Arabians; (c) a Caribbean island, first American soil shelled by the Axis; (d) a city in Tunisia. Which?

35. Who said: (a) "Sighted sub, sank same"; (b) "I will be back"; (c) "I have come to the end of the road"; (d) "We will hit them wherever we meet them"; (e) "The Bums won't win"?

36. What animal have the following titles of books of the year in common: —'s Teeth; —'s Seed; Shake Hands with the —?

37. A popular song commemorated the deeds of a Pearl Harbor hero. He denied it. What was the song?

38. A musical show on Broadway was an instantaneous success, and didn't have a single gal in it. What's its name?

39. Who was Diego Suarez and why was he famous?

40. When \$18,000 he was carrying on a secret mission fell overboard, who said, "I wonder if Morgenthau will get after me for this?"

(Answers will be found on page 64)

WHAT ABOUT GERMANY?

by Louis P. Lochner

The facts about the wartime Reich —about Hitler and his henchmen —from the eyewitness whose 14 years as Associated Press chief in Berlin were ended in December, '41.

An Abridgement
In LIBERTY Next Week



The OX-BOW INCIDENT

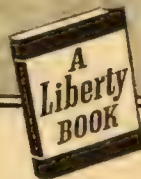
by

WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK

*Abridged to a reading time
of one evening*

THE Ox-Bow Incident is an unusual book—and a powerful one. It has drive and force and one of the strongest wallops ever packed into a novel. Reviewers praised it for many different reasons—because it—
“is pretty much of a two-gun Western thriller”; “is partly a serious novel in its own right, has first of all the merit of novelty”; and because it has “excellent dialogue and several astonishing scenes.”

It is all that. It is a combination of good writing, fast action, and a story that explodes with the impact of a Joe Louis punch. The Ox-Bow Incident has been filmed by Twentieth Century-Fox, with Henry Fonda playing the part of Gil.



GIL and I crossed the eastern divide about two by the sun. We pulled up for a look at the little town in the big valley and the mountains on the other side, with the crest of the Sierra showing faintly beyond like the rim of a day moon. We didn't look as long as we do sometimes; after winter range we were excited about getting back to town.

When the horses had stopped trembling from the last climb, Gil took off his sombrero, pushed his sweaty hair back with the same hand, and returned the sombrero, the way he did when something was going to happen. We reined to the right and went slowly down the steep stage road.

The spring sun was hot as summer and the air was full of a hot, melting pine smell. The jays screeched in the trees and flashed through the sunlight in the clearings. Squirrels and chipmunks chattered in the brush and along the tops of snow-sodden logs.

It was good to be on the loose on that kind of day, but winter range stores up a lot of things in a man, and spring round-up hadn't worked them all out. Gil and I had been riding together for five years and had the habit, but just the two of us in that shack in the snow had made us cautious. We didn't dare talk much, and we wanted to feel easy together again.

It was about three when we rode into Bridger's Wells. Besides the houses on the main street and the cross street that ran out to the ranches at the north and south ends, there wasn't much to the town: Arthur Davies' general store, the land and mining claims office, Canby's saloon, the long, sagging Bridger Inn with its double-decker porch, and the Union Church, square and bare as a New England meetinghouse.

After all the thinking we'd done about it, the place looked dead as a Piute graveyard. There were a few horses switching at the tie rails in front of the inn and Canby's, but only one man in sight. That was Monty Smith, a big, soft-bellied, dirty fellow, who had been a

kind of halfhearted rider once, but now he was the town bum. Monty was leaning against a post of the arcade in front of Canby's, picking his teeth with a splinter and spitting. We knew that soon enough he'd be in to sponge on us. The notion made Gil sore, I guess, because he pulled in so sudden I had to rein Blue Boy around sharp to keep from climbing him.

"Take it easy," I told him.

He didn't say anything. We swung down, tied up, and went up the three steps to the double door with the frosted glass panels that had Canby's name on them.

It was dark and cool inside and smelled of stale beer and tobacco. There was sawdust on the floor, the bar



along one side and four green-covered tables down the other.

Canby was behind the bar, a tall, thin, take-your-time kind of man. He looked at us, first one and then the other, but didn't say anything. He looked like a man who knew he'd been somebody. Nobody ever found out, that I know of. He drank a lot, but he didn't talk except to pass the time of day, and he always kept that quiet who-the-hell-are-you look.

"Well?" he said, when we just stood looking from the bar to the bottles.

Gil pushed his hat back so his red curly hair showed, and folded his arms on the bar. Gil has a big pale freckled face that won't darken and never shows any expression except in the eyes, and then only temper. His nose has been broken three times, and his mouth is thick and straight. He's a quick but not a grudgy kind of fighter, and always talks as if he had a little edge, which is his kind of humor. It was Canby's kind, too.

"Don't rush me," Gil said.

"Take your time," Canby said.

"It don't look to me," Gil said, "like you was so rushed you couldn't wait!"

"It's not that. I hate to see a man who can't make up his mind."

"What do you care?"

"I either have to put them to bed or listen to their troubles, depending on what they drink," Canby said.

"I ain't lookin' for either sleep or comfortin'," Gil said.

"And if I was, I wouldn't come here for it."

"I feel better," said Canby. "What'll you have? Whisky?"

"What have you got?"

"Whisky."

"And that's rotten, ain't it?" Gil asked.

"Rotten," Canby agreed.

"Two glasses and a bottle," Gil said.

Canby set them out in front of us and uncorked the bottle. "First time in?" Canby asked.

"Yessir," Gil said. Canby shook his head.

"What's the matter?" Gil asked him.

Canby looked at me. "Do you always have this much trouble with him?"

"More, mostly," I said, and told him about the fight we'd had, which Gil had finished by knocking me across the red-hot stove. We drank slowly while we talked, and Gil listened politely, as if I were telling a dull story about somebody else. "It was just being cooped up together so long," I finished, remembering the one-room shack with the snow piled up to the window ledge.

"He's naturally mean," Canby said. "You can tell that."

"A man needs exercise," Gil said. "He's not much of a fighter, but there wasn't anything else handy. Besides, he started them all."

"Like hell I did!" I said. "By January he'd only talk about one thing—women. And even then he wouldn't be general. He kept telling the same stories about himself and the same women."

"Well, he wouldn't talk," Gil said, "and somebody had to. He'd sit there reading his old books like he had a lesson to learn, or writing all the time—scratch, scratch, scratch. It got on my nerves. Then I'd try to sing, and he'd get nasty."

"Gil has a fine voice," I said, "but he only knows three songs, all with the same tune."

We kept on talking off our edge like that, give and take, with Canby putting in a word now and then to keep us going.

"Anything come of this gold they were talking about last fall?" I asked Canby.

"No," he said. "A couple of young fellows from Sacramento found loose gold in Belcher's Creek. They got several thousand, I guess, but there was no lode. A lot of claims were staked, but nobody found anything, and it was too near winter for a real boom to get started." He looked at me with that malicious grin in his eyes. "Not even enough to get more than two or three women in, and they left before the pass was closed."

"It's nothing to me," I lied.

"What is there to do in this town, anyway?" Gil demanded.

"Unless you aim to get in line and woo Drew's daughter," Canby began.

"We don't," I informed him.

"No," he agreed. "Well, then, you have five choices: eat, sleep, drink, play poker, or fight. Or you can shoot some pool. There's a new table in the back room."

"That's just great," Gil said.

The door opened, and Moore, Drew's foreman, came in.

He came over to the bar, said hello to us, and threw a silver dollar onto the bar. Canby poured him a glass and he downed it. Canby filled him another, which he let sit while he rolled a cigarette and licked it into shape.

"I see Risley's still around," Canby said. Moore nodded.

Risley was the sheriff for this territory, but he wasn't often closer than Reno, except on special call. I could see Moore didn't want to talk about it, hadn't liked Canby's mentioning Risley in front of us. But I was curious.

HERE was talk about rustling last fall, wasn't there?" I asked Moore.

"Some," he said. He didn't look at me but at the three rows of dark bottles behind Canby. Canby wiped the dry bar again. It was all right for Moore, but I didn't like Canby acting as if we were outsiders. Neither did Gil.

"Do they know anything about it?" he asked Moore. "Is that why Risley's out here?"

Moore finished his whisky and nodded at the glass, which Canby filled again. "No, we don't know anything, and that's why he's here," he said. Then he took his whisky over to a table and sat down with his back to us, so Canby could talk.

"It's getting touchy, huh?" Gil said.

"They don't like to talk about it," Canby said, "except with fellows they sleep with."

"Are they sure about this rustling?" I asked Canby.

"Sure enough," he said. "They thought they'd lost some last fall, but with this range shut in the way it is by the mountains, they'd been kind of careless in the tally and couldn't be too sure. Only Bartlett was sure. He doesn't run so many anyway, and his count was over a hundred short. He started some talk that might have made trouble at home, but Drew got that straightened out, and had them take another tally—a close one. Just before round-up they found a small herd trail, and signs of shod horses, in the south draw."

"And the count came short this spring?"

"Way short," Canby said. "Nearly six hundred head, counting calves. They tallied twice, and with everybody there."

"God!" Gil said.

"So they're touchy," said Canby.

We could see how it was now, and we didn't feel too

good being off our range. I was going to ask more questions. I didn't want to, and yet I did. But Moore got up and came back to the bar.

"Lost any over your way?" he asked us.

"No," I admitted. "No more than winter and the coyotes could account for."

"Got any ideas?" Gil asked him.

"No ideas except not to have any ideas," Moore said. He reached for his change and put it in his pocket. "Game?" he asked, to show we were all right.

Canby fished a deck out of a back drawer for us, and the three of us sat down at the front table. Canby sat in with us until others began coming. Most of the men who came in were riders and men we knew. I thought they looked at Gil and me curiously and longer than usual, but probably that wasn't so. Each of them nodded or raised a hand or said "hi" in the usual manner. They all went to the bar first and had a drink or two. Then some of them got up a game at the table next to ours, and the rest settled into a row at the bar, elbows up and hats back.

Things didn't seem any different than usual, and yet there was a difference underneath. For one thing, nobody, no matter how genially, was calling his neighbor an old horse thief, or a greaser, or a card sharp, or a liar, or anything that had moral implications.

SOME of the village men came in too: old Bartlett, who was a rancher; Davies, the store owner, and his clerk, Joyce; Winder, who owned the stagecoach; and some others.

Bartlett came over to the table and watched. He was a tall man, looking very old and tired and cross. When Jeff Farnley came over too, Moore invited them to sit in.

We all played even and regular, except Gil. He worried me. He was tight enough so I could see him squinting, sometimes two or three times, to make out what he had in his hand, but he was having a big run of luck. He was sitting there with a sullen dead pan and raking in the pots slow and contemptuous, like he expected it. The only variation he'd make would be to signal Canby to fill his glass again when he'd made a good haul. If there hadn't been anything else in the air, you couldn't play long with a man acting like that without getting your chin out, especially when he was winning three hands out of four. I was getting riled myself.

It didn't seem to be bothering Moore, but old Bartlett was beginning to mutter at his cards. It was Farnley, though, I was really worried about. He wasn't letting off steam in any way, only staring a long time at his bad hands and then laying the cards down quietly, keeping his fingers on them for a moment, as if he had half a mind to do something else with them.

I hoped Gil's luck would change enough to look reasonable, but it didn't; so I dropped out of the game, saying he'd had enough off me. I thought maybe he'd follow suit, but even if he didn't it would look better without his buddy in there.

After two more rounds Farnley said, "How about draw?" Gil was dealing and Farnley had no business asking for the change; it was picking the worst time he could. I knew by the set of his head that Gil was staring at him like he'd noticed he was there and wanted to get a clear impression. Moore was going to say something, and I had my fist all doubled to persuade Gil; but then Gil said: "Sure. Why not? Look 'em over careful, boys," he added when they were all out. "Maybe somebody has two aces of spades."

I looked at Gil's hand. He had the queen, jack, and ten of spades, the ten of clubs and the four of hearts. He threw off the club and the heart.

"How many?" he asked.

They drew around. Farnley drew one, Gil dropping it where he had to reach for it.

Farnley picked up his card slowly and looked at it. Bartlett snorted and slapped his hand down, face up.

"Cover them cards," Moore said.

Bartlett glared at him, but then turned the hand over.

"I'm taking two," Gil said. "Your bet," he told Farnley.

Farnley tossed out a silver dollar. Gil threw out two.

Farnley raised it another. Men stirred uneasily. This wasn't the kind of game it had started out to be.

When Farnley made it five, Canby said, "Enough's enough. See him, Carter, or I'll close up the game."

Gil put out the dollar to see, and we started to relax, when he counted five more off the top of his pile and shoved them out. "And five," he said. He sat looking at Farnley.

Farnley was breathing hard and his eyes were narrowed, but he looked at his hand, not Gil.

"That's enough," Canby said.

It was Farnley, not Gil, who looked at him.

"Your funeral," Canby said.

"I'm seeing him," Farnley said, and laid out his hand carefully. It was a full house, kings and jacks.

Gil tossed his cards into the center. He had filled with the nine and king of spades.

Farnley sat staring at Gil's cards for a moment.

"Carter," he said, "that's damned long luck," and suddenly let off by banging the table with his fist so hard that Gil's stacks slid down again into a loose pile.

"Wouldn't suggest it was anything but luck, would you?" Gil asked.

Farnley stood up. "I wasn't going to," he said, "but now you mention it—"

Gil stood up too. "Make it clear," he said, his voice thick and happy.

"There's a lot of things around here aren't clear," Farnley said.

And then Gil had to say, "You're talking about cows now, maybe?"

"You're saying it this time, too," Farnley told him.

"Come on, boys, the game's over," Canby put in. "The drinks are on you, Carter. You're heavy winner."

He took my mind off what I was doing. I swung, but Gil was on Farnley in three jumps, letting go a right that caught him on the corner of the mouth. He spun part way around, crashed across two chairs, and folded up under the front window. Gil stood swaying and laughing as if he loved it. Then his face straightened and got that deadly pleased look again.

"Called me a rustler, did he?" he said thickly, as if somebody had just reminded him of it. I knew the look. He was going to pile Farnley and hammer him. I yelled something and started around. But I was too far behind. Canby turned the trick. Without even looking excited, he reached back to the bar, got hold of a bottle, and rapped Gil, not too hard either, right under the base of the skull. He must have done it a thousand times, to be that careful. For a moment Gil's tension held him up. Then his knees bellied like cloth and he came down in a heap and rolled over onto his back, where he lay with a silly surprised grin on his face.

Gil started to talk before he was out of it, muttering and sort of joking and protesting. When he really woke up, he pushed me away, but gently, not wanting to jar himself.

“HOLY cow,” he gulped. “It must have been Canby,” he said. “He didn’t use his fist, did he?” He got up, testing his legs.

“No, a bottle.”

“That’s all right, then. I thought it must have been that.”

And after breathing in a couple of times more, “He shouldn’t have stopped me, though. I don’t feel any better.”

“It takes a lot to please you,” I told him. “Anyway, lay off Farnley. You were pretty low on that.”

“Yeh, I guess I was at that,” he said seriously.

“You hit him plenty hard,” I said, “and you made him look foolish.”

“Did I?” he asked. Then, “Did I get him?”

“You got him. I thought you’d busted his neck.”

Gil grinned. “Well, I’ll try and go easy,” he said.

While I was taking care of Gil I hadn’t noticed that Farnley was standing at the other end of the bar now, by the front door, looking like he hadn’t come out of his daze yet, and Moore had hold of him by the arm and was talking to him. Davies was trying to say something, too. Just

when we stopped, Farnley shook Moore off, though still standing there.

"The lousy crooks!" he said, and then repeated it slowly, each word by itself.

At first I was going to try to get Gil out the back way. It wouldn't be easy. Then I saw how the men were, all gathered together along the bar there, looking quiet and angry and not paying any attention to us. A few glanced at us but didn't even seem to see us. They were listening to a new rider, a young fellow who was talking excitedly, so I couldn't get what he said. There was a movement and mutter beginning among the men, too; but at the end the kid's voice came up so we could hear what he was saying.

"Shot right through the head, I tell you!" he cried. "Through the head!"

Farnley reached out and grabbed him. The kid looked scared and said something low. Farnley held him for a moment, staring at him, then let him go, turned, and pushed through to the front door and out onto the walk.

Some of the men followed him; but most of them milled around the kid, trying to get something more out of him, but not being noisy now, either.

"What's up?" I asked Canby.

"Lynching, I'd judge," he said, like it didn't interest him.

"Those rustlers?" I asked.

"Maybe," he said. "They don't know yet who. But somebody's been in down on Drew's range and killed Kinkaid, and they think there's cattle gone, too."

"Killed Kinkaid?" I echoed, and thought that over quick. Kinkaid had been Farnley's buddy. They'd been riding together from the Panhandle to Jackson Hole ever since they were kids.

"When?" Gil asked.

Canby looked at him. "They don't know," he said. "About noon, maybe. They didn't find him till a lot later."

Farnley was climbing onto his horse. He moved slowly and deliberately, like a man with his mind made up. A rider yelled as if Farnley were half a mile off, "Hey, Jeff! Wait up. We'll form a posse."

"I can get them myself," Farnley said, and reined around.

Moore said, "He's crazy," and started out into the street. But Davies was ahead of him. He came alongside Farnley and took hold of his bridle. The way Farnley looked down, I thought he was going to let Davies have it in the face with his quirt. But he didn't. Davies was an old man, short and narrow and so round-shouldered he was nearly a hunchback, and with very white silky hair.

"There's no rush, Jeff," Davies said, coaxing him. "They have a long start on us, anyway."

Farnley said something we couldn't hear.

Davies said, "You don't know how many of them there are, Jeff. There might be twenty. It won't help Larry to get yourself killed too."

FARNLEY didn't say anything, but he must have begun to think a little. He waited. Moore went out to them.

"We'll organize a posse, Jeff," Moore promised. "If we go right, we'll get what we're after."

Then Farnley pulled his horse around slowly, so he sat facing us.

"Well, make your posse," he said.

Canby was still leaning in the door behind us, his towel in his hand. "Somebody had better get the sheriff first thing," he advised.

Davies came over to me. "Will you do me a favor?" he asked.

"That depends," I said.

"I have to stay here," he said. "I have to stop them, if I can, till they know what they're doing. If I can make this regular, that's all I ask."

"Yes?"

"I'm going to send Joyce for Sheriff Risley and Judge Tyler," he said. "The judge stands for the law around here and he should know. I want you to go with Joyce. Will you?"

"All right," I said. "But why should two of us go?"

"Do you know Mapes?" he asked.

"The one they call Butch?"

"That's the one."

"I've seen him."

"Risley's made him deputy for times he's out of town, and we don't want Mapes."

"No," I said. I could see why. Mapes was a powerful man and a crack shot with a six-gun, but he was a bully, and like most bullies he was a play-the-crowd man. He wouldn't be any leader.

Mapes was standing on the judge's porch when we got there, his thumbs in his belt.

"It's not that Mr. Davies doesn't want them to go," I explained to the judge as I finished my story.

"No, no; of course not," the judge agreed.

"He just doesn't want it to be a lynching."

"No. Can't let that sort of thing start, of course."

"Mr. Davies wanted you and Mr. Risley to come, sir," Joyce said.

"Eh? Oh, yes, yes. But Risley isn't here."

HE started walking again.

"Today of all days!" he said angrily.

Mapes came in. He didn't look at us, or say anything, but took his gun down.

"And where are you going, Mapes?" the judge fumed.

"There's a posse forming, just in case you hadn't heard," he said.

"That's no posse, Mapes," the judge roared. "It is a lawless mob—a lynching mob, Mapes."

"I'll deppitize 'em all proper, judge," Mapes said. His coat was on, and he put his sombrero on the back of his head, ready to leave. Joyce and I hurried back.

When I got back, Davies was just standing there staring blankly at the men, his face tired but the jaw muscles still bulging. I told him about the judge coming, and about Mapes. Just then a rider called out, "Here comes Ma."

Jenny Grier was the name of the woman we called Ma. She kept a kind of boardinghouse at which a lot of the boys stayed when they were in town, and she was as good a man as most of us.

She was riding, and was dressed like a man, in jeans and a shirt and vest, with an old sombrero on her head. She had a Winchester across her saddle.

She started asking questions, and they told her what they knew.

While they were explaining to her, Bartlett came up at a lope with his son Carl.

"Tetley not here?" he asked, looking around. "We'll have to wait for Tetley. Nate's gone for him."

"What do we need with the almighty Tetley?" It was news if Tetley was coming. It would make a difference. Even Ma was afraid of Tetley.

Excepting Drew, Tetley was the biggest man in the valley. He had been a cavalry officer, and he was a hard man, of the old military school, with a hard code, and a sharp, quiet head for management. He lived in a big pillared house with only his servants and his son Gerald, a quiet lad as soft as Tetley was hard, so bullied by his father that he was always half sick.

Then, at last Judge Tyler and Mapes appeared—the judge, by the way his free hand was waving, still arguing with Mapes.

When they pulled up, just on the edge of the crowd of riders, everything was silent, everybody waiting to see what Judge Tyler would say. They didn't have much respect for the judge, but he was the law, and they waited to see what line he would take.

"I understand how it is, men," he began, and went on about their long tolerance, and their losses, and the death of a dear friend—a long apology for what he was working up to.

"Men," he addressed us, "you cannot flinch from what you believe to be your duty, of course, but certainly you would not wish to act in the very spirit which begot the deed you would punish."

"By the time you got us ready to act, Tyler," Smith shouted, "the rustlers could be over the Rio." There was

agreement. Others called ribald advice. In the general roar you could still hear Farnley's voice, so furious it was high and breaking. He called to Mapes, "Come on, Butch—let's get out of this!"

Horses began to mill and yank, and the riders chose to let them.

Davies paid no attention to the uproar, but talked up earnestly to the judge. He got the judge calmed a little. He nodded and said something.

"Where's Greene?" Ma Grier called back. Things quieted a little. "Greene," she called to him, "come on up here. The judge wants to talk to you."

The rest of us wanted to hear and tried to bunch around the talkers; but the horses kept sidling out and were blowing and hammering and making leather squeal. We couldn't hear much. The only thing I caught was the word "constituted," which sounded as if the judge was in his usual line of blather. Then young Greene was let out of the ring, his face red. Davies climbed up onto the tie rail and stood there. He didn't call out, but just waited until it was quiet.

"If you guys get careful of yourselves," Farnley told him, as if he meant it, "I'm going myself." Then he was quiet too, and Davies started to talk.

"We don't know anything about those rustlers, boys," he told us, "or whether they were rustlers, or who shot Kinkaid. Young Greene there got excited. He was sent for the sheriff, but on the way up he got excited. Really he doesn't know anything about it. He didn't see any rustlers or any killer. He didn't even see Kinkaid. He only heard what Olsen told him, and all that Olsen actually told him, when we get down to the facts, was that Kinkaid had been shot, and that he was to get the sheriff. That's not much to go on. It's my advice, men, for what it's worth," he concluded, "that you all come in and have a drink on me."

"Drinks," said Canby from the door, "on the house. But only one round. I'm not filling any bucket-bellies."

"Our friend Canby offers the drinks," Davies said, "and I'll make it two. I guess I owe it."

Still they didn't break up, though, or get off their horses. Neither did I. I didn't want to look like I was anxious to quit—not any more than anybody else. Davies must have felt this, and he went on, as if to clinch his point:

"Then, too, it's late now, and the sheriff has been down there since morning, with a dozen men if he needs them." He waited a minute for us to get this. Then he added: "It's not like you were giving up, boys. It's just good sense. If it's a short chase it's over by now. If it's a long one the sheriff will let you know, and you'll have time to get ready."

"I'm settin' 'em up, boys," Canby called.

THE riders closest in began to dismount. I guess they felt the way I did. I hadn't had much stomach for the business from the beginning. I got down, too. Gil tied up beside me.

We'd all been listening to Davies so close that we hadn't seen Tetley coming. Even then it didn't seem to matter, except that there'd be more explaining, which we wanted to escape.

Behind Tetley, like aides-de-camp, almost abreast, were three riders, his son Gerald, his Mex hand called Amigo, and Nate Bartlett.

When he had drawn up, he looked us over, his small, lean, gray-looking face impassive. No, he reviewed us, and was amused without expression. Irony was the constant expression of Tetley's eyes. He addressed Judge Tyler as the man who should be in authority.

"Disbanding?"

Judge Tyler avoided the condemnation. "Davies convinced us, Major Tetley."

"You were acting on the supposition that the raiders left by the south draw, I take it, Mr. Davies?"

"Yes," Davies said doubtfully. He didn't know where he stood.

"They didn't," Major Tetley smiled. "They left by the pass."

We knew what that meant. If the rustlers had gone by the pass, it changed the whole picture. Then it was the sheriff who was off the track. If he'd gone to the draw, he'd be twenty miles off. We began to really listen.

"You seem pretty sure," Ma said.

"Amigo saw them," Tetley said. "He was coming back from Pike's Hole, and had trouble getting by them in the pass."

"Trouble?" Mapes asked importantly.

Judge Tyler was just sitting in his saddle and staring at Tetley. It was hard, when it had all been won. And Davies was standing there as if somebody had hit him but not quite dropped him.

"Si," Amigo said for himself. "At first I thenk I say



hello when they come; I have no to smoke left by me. Then I thenk it funny to drive the cattle then."

"Cattle!" Moore said sharply.

"But sure," Amigo said. He grinned at Moore. "Why you thenk I have to get out of hees road?"

"Go on," Moore said.

"Well," Amigo said, "when I thenk that, I be quiet. Then, when I see what marks those cattle have, I be veree quiet. I take my horse behind the bush."

"What were the marks?" Mapes asked.

"What you thenk? On the throat, sweenging nice, three leetle what-you-call-heems—" He didn't need to say any more. We all knew Drew's dewlap mark.

"How many of them?" Farnley asked Tetley.

"Three, eh, Amigo?"

"Si, they was three."

"Did you know any of them?" Ma asked Amigo.

He shook his head. "I not evair see heem before," he said, "not any of heem."

"What time did Amigo see them?" Ma asked Tetley.

"About four o'clock, I believe."

"You were a long time bringing the word, major," Judge Tyler said.

Major Tetley looked at him with that same smile. It had a different meaning every time he used it.

"I wanted my son to go along," he said. "He was out on the range."

Young Tetley was sitting with his bridle across the saddle horn, pulled tight between his hands. His face got red, but he gave no other signs of having heard.

Davies made one more try. "The sheriff should be here," he protested.

"We shall observe order and true justice," Tetley told him.

"Are we going or aren't we?" Farnley wanted to know.

Tetley looked at him. "In time," he said. "Mapes," he said, turning to Butch.

"Yes, sir?"

"Risley made you deputy?"

"Yes, sir," said Butch.

"Then suppose you deputize the rest of us."

"Raise your right hands," Butch told us. We did. He recited an oath which he seemed to have not quite straight. "Say 'I do!'" he told us. We said it together.

Farnley had already ridden out of the press. We began to swing into loose order after him. Davies was standing alone in the middle of the road with a stricken face. The judge bellowed after us in a sudden access of fury, "Tetley, you bring those men in alive, or, by heaven, as I'm justice of this county, you'll pay for it, you and every damned man jack of your gang."

Davies was riding a neat little sorrel with white socks and small feet. His saddle was an old dark leather which

had turned cherry color and shiny. He'd put on a plaid blanket coat to keep warm, but he had no gun. He still looked hard-bitten, but not the way he had in the street.

I asked him, "Still aiming to cure us?" and he shook his head and smiled.

"I guess not," he said.

Davies and I were riding last, and up ahead we could see the whole cavalcade strung out by ones and twos. The horses, after so much standing and fidgeting, were too willing and kept straining to gallop.

"It'll be dark before we're out of the pass," I said to Davies.

He looked up at the mountains and the clouds, and nodded. "Snow, too," he said. We didn't say anything more.

We rode across half the valley until, right under a steep foothill, we came to the fork where the road bent right to go into the draw. There, while the rest of us jockeyed in a half circle, waiting and watching him, Tetley rode a ways into the lane, and pulled up and sat there like he was carefully looking over a field to be fought. Tetley and Mapes said a few words together. Then Mapes got off his horse and went slowly down one side of the lane, looking down at the lane and at the spongy grass beside it.

Mapes went about thirty or forty yards, then crossed the lane and came back up the other side in the same way. When he got back to Tetley he said something and mounted. Tetley nodded. I could guess he was smiling his I-knew-it-all-the-time smile. They rode back to us and Tetley said, "Amigo's right. They're fresh tracks—the first made this spring. We can't tell how many head, of course."

Tetley rode around us to get ahead again. I was nearer the middle of the bunch now, and when we strung out I was riding with young Tetley. He was riding easily, but too slumped for a cowboy. He was a thin, very young-looking fellow. He looked lonely and unhappy. I knew he didn't know me.

"Cold wind," I began.

He looked at me as if I'd said something important.

Then he said, "It's more than the wind. Why are we riding up here, twenty-eight of us," he demanded, "when every one of us would rather be doing something else?"

"What do you want us to do?" I asked him. "Sit and play a harp and worry about how bad we are while some damned rustler kills a man and cleans out the country?"

"It isn't that," he said. "How many of us do you think



are really here because there have been cattle stolen or because Kinkaid was shot?"

"I'm not wrong about your being here, am I?" I asked him.

"I'm here because I'm weak," he said, "and my father's not."

There wasn't anything a guy could say to that. "You take it too hard, son," I told him. "You didn't start this."

"But I know this," he said. "If we get those men and hang them, I'll kill myself. I'll hang myself!"

"We haven't hung anybody yet," I told him. "You can go home and keep out of it, you know."

"No, I can't," he said. "I can't," he said again. "And if I could it wouldn't matter. What do I matter?"

"You seem to think you matter a lot," I said.

I could see the pale patch of his face turned toward me in the dusk, then away again.

"It does sound that way, doesn't it?" he asked, as if I was wrong.

I began humming the Buffalo Gal to myself. He didn't say anything more.

We rode some distance. Then there came a halt, and I knew I'd nearly fallen asleep. It was snowing now, and a fresh wind was whisking the snow around us. I felt unreal and scared. Ahead, men were exclaiming about something in low voices. I saw what they were talking about. To the right, far through the trees through the snow, was a fire burning. It looked very small, and sometimes disappeared when the trees moved in the wind. Then I realized we were at the end of the Ox-Bow Valley.

Word came back along the line that we were turning down into the valley, and then to bunch up for last orders. I recovered the sensation that our business was real instead of everybody being crazy and just wandering around in the mountains.

When we were grouped, Tetley gave us orders. He cautioned us about playing safe, and against any shooting or rough work until we were sure.

"They must have an opportunity to tell it their way," he said. "Mapes and I will do the talking, and if there's any shooting to do, I'll tell you. The rest of you hold your fire unless they try to break through you. We'll divide to close in on them."

He named the three groups and split us up; one under Winder, one with Ma Grier, and the other with him.

"All clear?" he asked.

We said it was.

"All right," Tetley said. "My group will wait here until we judge the rest of you have had time to move around them and into position. "Good luck, boys," he said.

WINDER and his outfit started off, working single file into the woods. In a moment you couldn't tell which were riders and which trees. The snow blurred everything. Ma Grier and Bartlett led off at an angle toward the valley.

Gil came alongside me.

"Take care of yourself," he said. "This still don't have to be our picnic."

"It looks like it was," I said.

"Yeah," he agreed; "but it ain't."

He went away from me, stepping his pinto a little long to catch up with his gang.

The rest of us, in Tetley's outfit, didn't talk much.

After a time Tetley said, as if he had been holding a watch before him all the time and had predetermined the exact moment to start, "All right, let's go."

We began to climb a little rise where an old abandoned cabin leaned crazily toward one side. I could see three forms silhouetted clearly against the fire. Mapes reached under his armpit and got a gun into his hand. Farnley's carbine moved across his saddle, and I thought I heard the hammer click. Tetley, though, just rode right ahead.

I reached my gun out, too. My senses were up keen now. Without even looking around I could tell how the men behind me were getting set. I was excited, and peculiarly happy. It seemed to me that if the rustlers were concealed I could pick the trees they'd gone behind. Only young Tetley was wrong. I risked a look, and we were so close to the fire I could see his face. He was staring ahead, but blindly, and he wasn't getting any gun out. We were really into the edge of the firelight before Tetley stopped us. I had my mind made up they were laying for us, so what I saw surprised me. Between Tetley and Mapes I could see a man asleep on the ground in a blanket. By the bulk of him he was a big man and heavy.

There were two other men asleep also, one with his side to the fire and his head away from me, the other on the far side with his feet to the fire. I guess Tetley figured, as I did, that they were strangers at least, if nothing else, because he only waited long enough to be sure they were not playing possum, and then rode into the light. We followed him, spreading around that edge of the fire as he motioned us to. After looking down at the bulky man for a moment, he said sharply and loudly, "Get up!"

The other two stirred in their blankets and began

to settle again, but the big man woke immediately and completely, and, when he saw us, said something short to himself and twisted up out of his blanket in one continuous smooth movement, trailing one hand into the blanket as he came up.

"Drop it!" Farnley ordered, his carbine pointing at the man. The man had heavy black hair and a small black mustache. He looked like a Mex, though his hair was done up like an Indian's and his face was wide, with high flat cheeks. He looked to me like a Mex playing Navajo.

He looked quickly around at all of us, sizing us up, but didn't move the hand which had come up behind him.

"I said, drop it," Farnley told him again, and nudged the carbine out toward him.

The Mex suddenly smiled as if he had just understood, and dropped a long-barreled, nickel-plated revolver behind him. He was an old hand, and still thinking.

"Now put 'em up," Farnley told him.

The Mex shrugged his shoulders. "No sabby," he said.

Farnley grinned now. "No?" he asked. "I said, reach," he repeated, and jerked the muzzle of the carbine upward two or three times. The Mex got that, and put his hands up slowly. He was studying Farnley's face all the time.

The other two were coming out of their sleep. I was covering the one on the cabin side, and Mapes the other. Mapes' man just sat up, still in his blanket. He was an old-timer with long, tangled gray hair and a long, droopy gray mustache. The way he was staring, he didn't appear to be all there.

My man rose quickly enough, though tangling a little with his blanket. He started to come toward us, and I saw he'd been sleeping with his gun on and his boots off.

"Take it easy, friend," I told him. "Stay where you are and put your hands up."

He didn't understand, but stared at me, and then at Tetley, and then back at me. He didn't reach for his gun—didn't even twitch for it—and his face looked scared.

"Put your hands up," I told him again. He did, looking as if he wanted to cry.

"Gerald, collect their guns," Tetley said.

"What are you trying to do? What do you want? We haven't got anything." It was my man babbling, half out of breath. He was a tall, thin, dark young fellow with thick black hair, but no Indian or Mex.

"This is no stick-up, brother," I explained to him.

"This is a posse, if that means anything to you."

"But we haven't done anything," he protested. "What have we done?" He wasn't over his first fright yet.

Young Tetley was sitting in his saddle staring at the three men.

"Gerry," Tetley said in that pistol-shot voice he'd used to wake the men.

The boy dismounted dreamily and picked up the Mex's gun from the blanket. Then, like a sleepwalker, he came over to my man.

"Behind him!" said Tetley sharply.

THE boy stopped and looked around. "What?" he asked.

"Wake up," Tetley ordered. "I said, go behind him. Don't get between him and Croft."

"Yes," Gerald said, and did what he was told. He fumbled around a long time before he found the old man's gun, which was under his saddle.

"Give the guns to Mark," Tetley ordered, jerking his head at one of the two riders I didn't know. Gerald did that, handing them up in a bunch, belts, holsters, and all.

It made me ashamed, the way Tetley was bossing the kid's every move, like a mother making a three-year-old do something over that he'd messed up the first try.

"Now," he said, "go over them all, from the rear. Then shake out the blankets."

Gerald did as he was told, but he seemed to be waking a little now. His jaw was tight. He found another gun on the Mex, a little pistol like the gamblers carry. It was in an arm sling under his vest. There was a carbine under the young fellow's blanket. He shrank from patting the

men over, the way he was told to, and when he passed me to give Mark the carbine and pistol, I could hear him breathing hard.

Tetley watched Gerald, but spoke to my prisoner while he was working:

"Are there any more of you?"

The young fellow was steadier. He looked angry now, and started to let his arms down, asking, "May I inquire what business—"

"Shut up!" Mapes said. "And keep them up."

"It's all right now, Mapes," Tetley said. "You can put your hands down now," he said to the young man. "I asked you, are there any others with you?"

"No," the kid said.

I didn't think the kid was lying. Tetley looked at him hard, but I guess he thought it was all right, too. He turned his head toward Mark and the other rider I didn't know.

"Tie their hands," he ordered.

The young fellow started to come forward again.

STAY where you are," Tetley told him quietly, and he stopped. He had a wide, thick-lipped mouth that was nonetheless as sensitive as young Tetley's thin one, and now it was tight down in the corners. His eyes were big and dark in his thin face. His hands were long and bony and nervous, but hung on big square wrists.

He spoke in a husky voice: "I trust that at least you'll condescend to tell us what we're being held for."

Tetley studied the young man all during the time the two punchers were tying the prisoners on one lasso rope and pushing them over to the side of the fire away from the cabin. It was as if he believed he could solve the whole question of their guilt or innocence by just looking at them. The Mex was stolid now; the old man remained blank; but the kid was humiliated and angry at being tied. He repeated his question in a manner that didn't go well with the spot he was in.

Then Tetley told him, "I'd rather you told us," and smiled that way.

After that he signaled to the parties in the dark in the woods and behind the cabin, dismounted, giving the bridle to his son, and walked over to the fire, where he stood with his legs apart and held out his hands to warm them, rubbing them together. All the time he continued to look across the fire at the three men in a row, and continued to smile.

We were all on foot now, walking stiff-legged from sitting the saddle so long in the cold. I got myself a place to sit near the fire, and watched the Mex. He had his chin down on his chest, like he was both guilty and licked, but he was watching everything from under his eyebrows. He looked smart and hard. I'd have guessed he was about thirty, though it was hard to tell, the way it is with an Indian. The lines around his mouth and at the corners of his eyes and across his forehead were deep and exact, as if they were cut in dark wood with a knife. His skin shone in the firelight. There was no expression on his face, but I knew he was still thinking how to get out.

Then all at once his face changed, though you couldn't have said what the change was in any part of it. I guess, in spite of his watchfulness, he'd missed Tetley's signal, and now he saw Ma and her gang coming up behind us. He looked around quickly, and when he saw the other gangs coming in too, he turned back and stared at the ground in front of him. He was changed all over then, the fire gone out of him. He was empty—all done.

The old man stood and stared, as he had from his first awakening. He didn't seem to have an idea, or even a distinct emotion, merely a vague dread. He'd look at one of us and then another with the same expression, popeyed and stupid, his mouth never quite closed, and gray stubble sticking out all over his jaws.

When the young fellow saw the crowd coming out into the firelight, he said to Tetley, "It appears we're either important personages or very dangerous."

Tetley kept looking at him and smiling, but didn't reply.

But Ma Grier, who had just ridden up behind us, said, "No, it ain't that you're so difficult, son. It's just that most of the boys has never seen a real triple hangin'."

As if it had taken all that time for the idea to get through, the young fellow said, "Hanging?"

"That's right," Farnley said.

"But why?" asked the kid, beginning to chatter. "We haven't done anything." Then he got hold of himself, and said to Tetley, more slowly, "Aren't you even going to tell us what we're accused of?"

"Of course," Tetley said. "This isn't a mob. We'll make sure first."

He half turned his head toward Mapes. "Sheriff," he said, "tell him."

"Rustling," said Mapes.

"Rustling?" the kid echoed.

"And murder," said Farnley. "Maybe he'll have heard of that."

"Murder?" the kid repeated foolishly. I thought he was going to fold, but he didn't. He looked around, and it wasn't encouraging. There was a solid ring of faces, and they were serious.

The old man made a long, low moan like a dog that's going to howl but changes its mind. Then he said, his voice trembling badly, "You wouldn't kill us. No, no! You wouldn't do that, would you?"

The young man tried to make his voice cheerful, but it was hollow: "It's all right, dad. There's some mistake."

"No mistake, I guess." It was old Bartlett speaking. He was standing beside Tetley, looking at the Mex and idly dusting the snow off his flat sombrero.

"Know me, eh?" he asked the Mex. The Mex looked wonderfully bewildered. "No sabby," he repeated.

"He don't speak English," Mapes told Bartlett.

"I got a different notion," Bartlett said.

"I'll make him talk," Farnley offered. He was eager for it—he was so eager for it he disgusted me and made me feel sorry for the Mex.

THE young fellow appeared bewildered. He was looking at them and listening, but he didn't seem to make anything of it. He kept closing his eyes more tightly than was natural, and then opening them again quickly, as if he expected to find the whole scene changed. Even without being in the spot he was in, I could understand how he felt. It didn't look real to me either, the firelight on all the red faces watching in a leaning ring, and the big long heads of horses peering from behind, and up in the air, detached from it, the quiet men still sitting in the saddles.

Then Farnley started to prod the Mex, and Tetley said sharply, "That will do, Farnley."

Farnley's face blanched and stiffened. I thought he was going to jump Tetley, but Tetley didn't even look at him. He leaned the other way to listen to something Bartlett was saying privately. When he had heard it, he nodded and looked at the young fellow across the fire.

"Who's boss of this outfit?" he asked.

"I am," the young fellow said.

"And your name?"

"Donald Martin."

"What outfit?"

"My own."

"Where from?"

"Pike's Hole."

The men didn't believe it. The man Tetley called Mark said, "He's not from Pike's, or any place in the Hole. I'll swear to that."

"Mark, there, lives in Pike's," Tetley told the kid, smiling. "Want to change your story?"

"I just moved in three days ago," the kid said.

"We're wasting time, Major Tetley," Bartlett said.

"We'll get there," Tetley said. "I want this kept regular for the judge."

Not many appreciated his joking. He was too slow and pleasurable for a job like this. Most of us would have had to do it in a hurry. If you have to hang a man, you have to; but it's not my kind of fun to stand around and watch him keep hoping he may get out of it.

Tetley may have noticed the silence, but he didn't show it. He went on asking Martin questions.

"Where did you come from before that?"

"Ohio," he said angrily. "Sinking Spring, Ohio. But not just before. I was in Los Angeles. I suppose that proves something."

"What way did you come up?"

"By Mono Lake. Look, mister. This isn't getting us anywhere, is it? We're accused of murder and rustling, you say. Well, we haven't done any rustling and we haven't killed anybody. You've got the wrong men."

"We'll decide as to that. And I'm asking the questions."

"Don't anybody here know I came into Pike's Hole?" the kid broke out. He stared around wildly at the whole bunch of us. "I drove right through the town; I drove a Conestoga wagon with six horses right through the middle of the town. I'm on what they call the Phil Baker place, up at the north end."

Tetley turned to Mark.

PHIL BAKER moved out four years ago," Mark said. "The place is a wreck—barns down, sagebrush sticking up through the porch."

Tetley looked back at Martin.

"I met him in Los Angeles," Martin explained. "I bought the place from him there. I paid him four thousand dollars for it."

"Mister, you got robbed," Mark told him. "Even if Baker'd owned the place you'd 'a' been robbed, but he didn't. He didn't even stay on it long enough to have squatter's rights."

"Is it so far to Pike's that you can't go over there and look?" Martin cried. "Maybe I don't own the Baker place; maybe I've been sold out. But I'm living there now. My wife's there now—my wife and two kids."

"Now that's really too bad," Smith said, clucking his tongue in a sound of old-maid sympathy.

The kid didn't look at him, but his jaw tightened and his eyes were hot. "This is murder, as you're going at it," he told Tetley. "Even in this God-forsaken country I've got a right to be brought to trial, and you know it. We have a right to trial before a regular judge."

"You're getting the trial," Tetley said, "with twenty-eight of the only kind of judges a murderer and a rustler gets in what you call this God-forsaken country."

The kid looked around slowly. "I won't talk further without a proper hearing," he said.

"Suit yourself, son," Ma said. "This is all the hearing you're likely to get, short of the last judgment."

"Have you any cattle up here with you?" Tetley asked him.

The kid looked around at us again. He was breathing hard. One of the men from Bartlett's gang couldn't help grinning a little. The kid started to say something, then shut his mouth hard.

Tetley asked the question again in the same quiet way. The kid looked down at the ground finally, but remained silent.

"I'm not going to ask you again," Tetley said. Smith stepped out with a rope in his hands. He was making a hangman's noose, with half a dozen turns to it. The place was so quiet the tiny crackling of the burned-down wood sounded loud. Martin looked at the rope, sucked in his breath, and looked down again.

After a moment he said, so low we could hardly hear him, "Yes, I have."

"How many?"

"Fifty head."

"Where did you get them, Mr. Martin?"

"From Harley Drew, in Bridger's Valley."

When he looked up, there were tears in his eyes. Most of the watchers looked down at their boots for a moment, some of them making wry faces.

"I'm no rustler, though. I didn't steal them. I bought them and paid for them." Then suddenly he wanted to talk a lot. "I bought them this morning; paid cash for them. My own were so bad I couldn't risk bringing them up. I sold them off in Salinas. I had to stock up again."

He could see nobody believed him.

"You can wait, can't you?" he pleaded. "I'm not likely to escape from an army like this, am I? You can wait till you see Drew, till you ask about me in Pike's. It's not too much to ask a wait like that, is it, before you hang men?"

Everybody was still just looking at him or at the ground.

"You aren't going to hang innocent men without a shred of proof, are you?" he yelled out suddenly.

Tetley shook his head very slightly.

"Then why don't you take us in and stop this damned farce?"

"It would be a waste of time," Farnley said. "The law is almighty slow and careless around here."

The kid appeared to be trying to think fast now.

"Where do you come from?" he asked.

"Bridger's Valley," Farnley told him. There were grins again.

Martin said to Tetley, "You know Drew, then?"

"I know him," Tetley said. You wouldn't have gathered it was a pleasure, from the way he spoke.

"Well, didn't you even see him? Who sent you up here?"

"Drew," Tetley said.

"That's not true," Davies said. He came out from the ring and closer to the fire. He looked odd among the riders, little and hunched in an old loose jacket and bare-headed.

"Don't let him get started again," Smith said in a disgusted voice. "It's one o'clock now."

Davies didn't pay any attention to him. "That statement is not true," he repeated. "Drew didn't send us up here. Drew didn't even know we were coming."

Tetley was watching him closely. There was only a remnant of his smile.

"As I've told you a hundred times," Davies told us all, "I'm not trying to obstruct justice. But I do want to see real justice. This is a farce; this is, as Mr. Martin has said, murder if you carry it through. He's perfectly within his rights when he demands trial. And that's all I've asked since we started—that's all I'm asking now—a trial." He sounded truculent, for him, and was breathing heavily as he spoke. "This young man," he said, pointing to Martin and looking around at us, "has said repeatedly that he is innocent. I, for one, believe him."

"Then I guess you're the only one that does, Arthur," Ma told him quietly.

Tetley made a sign to Mapes with his hand. Mapes stepped out and took Davies by the arm and began to shove him back toward the ring of watchers. Davies did not struggle much; even the little he did looked silly in Mapes' big hands. But while he went he called out angrily, "If there's any justice in your proceedings, Tetley, it would be only with the greatest certainty—it would be only after a confession. And they haven't confessed, Tetley. They say they're innocent, and you haven't proved they aren't."

“KEEP him there,” Mapes

told the men around Davies after he'd been pushed back.

"Indirectly, Drew," Tetley said, as if Davies had not spoken. "Now, if you're done," he went on, "I'd like to ask another question or two."

Martin seemed to have taken some hope from Davies' outburst. Now he was looking down again. It was clear enough what most of the men thought.

"Perhaps you have a bill of sale for those cattle?"

Martin swallowed hard. "No," he said finally. "No, I haven't. Drew was out on the range when I found him. He didn't have a bill of sale with him. He just said it was all right—not to wait, that he'd mail it to me. He told me it would be all right."

"Moore," Tetley said, without looking away from Martin.

"Yes?" Moore said. He didn't want to talk.

"How long have you been riding for Drew?"

"Six years," Moore said.

"Did you ever know Drew to sell any cattle without a bill of sale?"

"No, I can't say as I ever did. But I can't remember every head he's sold in six years."

"Did you ever know Drew to sell any cattle after spring round-up, this year or any other year?"

Moore shook his head slowly. Young Greene shouted, "I heard him myself say, just a couple of days ago, that he wouldn't sell a single head this spring."

"Well?" Tetley asked Martin.

"I know it looks bad," the kid said, in a slow, tired voice. He didn't expect to be believed any more. "I can't tell you anything else, I guess, except to ask Drew. It was hard to get them from him, all right. But I showed him how I was stuck, and nobody wanted to sell this spring, and he let me have them just as a favor, I think."



That's all I have to tell you. I can't say anything else, I guess, not that would make any difference to you."

"No," Tetley agreed, "I don't believe you can."

"You don't believe me?"

"Would you, in my place?"

"I'd ask," Martin said more boldly. "I'd do a lot of asking before I'd risk hanging three men who might be innocent."

"If it were only rustling," Tetley said, "maybe. With murder, no."

In the silence the fire crackled, and hissed when the snow fell into it. The light of it flagged up and down on the men's serious faces. The mouths were hard and the eyes bright and nervous. Finally Ma said mildly, "I guess it would be enough even for Tyler, wouldn't it, major?"

Tetley didn't say anything, and Ma burst out, "What you tryin' to do—play cat and mouse with them, Tetley? You act like you liked it."

"I would prefer a confession," Tetley said. He was talking to Martin, not to us.

Martin swallowed and wet his lips with his tongue, but couldn't speak. Finally he groaned something we couldn't understand, and abandoned his struggle with himself. The sweat broke out on his face and began to trickle down. His jaw was shaking. The old man was talking to himself, now and then shaking his head. The Mex was standing firmly, with his feet a little apart, like a boxer anticipating his opponent's lunge or jab. It got to Gil even.

"I don't see your game, Tetley," Gil said. "If you got any doubts, let's call off this party and take them in to the judge, like Davies wants."

This was the first remark that had made any impression on Tetley's cool disregard. He looked directly at Gil and told him, "This is only very slightly any of your business, my friend. Remember that."

Gil got hot. "Hanging is any man's business that's around, I'd say!"

Gil stood there. It was a hard spot for him to retreat from. Then he said, "Hanging is one thing—keeping men standing and sweating for it while you make up your mind is another."

Martin was watching him, hoping something would break. He sagged again, though, and closed his eyes and worked his mouth, when Gil just stood balanced and Tetley said, "It seems to me I am taking the chief responsibility here, and I do not propose to act prematurely."

Then he turned back to Martin. "You called the old man dad. Is he your father?"

"No," Martin said, and again added something too low to hear.

"Speak up, man," Tetley said sharply. "You're taking it like a woman."

"Everybody's gotta die once, son. Keep your chin up," Ma said. That was bare comfort for him, but I know Ma wasn't thinking of him so much as of us. His weakness was making us feel as if we were mistreating a dog instead of trying a man.

The kid brought his head up and faced us, but that was worse. The tears were running down his cheeks and his mouth was working harder than ever.

"No," said Martin, thick and blubbery, but loudly. "He works for me."

"What's your name?" Tetley asked, turning to the old



man. The old man didn't hear him; he continued to talk to himself. Mapes went and stood in front of him and said loudly in his face, "What's your name?"

"I didn't do it," argued the old man. "No—how could I have done it? You can see I didn't do it, can't you?" He paused, thinking how to make it clear. "I didn't have anything in my gun," he explained. "Mr. Martin won't let me have any bullets for my gun, so how could I do it? I wasn't afraid to, but I didn't have any bullets."

"You didn't do what?" Tetley asked him gently.

"No, I didn't, I tell you. I didn't." Then his wet wreck of a face seemed to light up with an idea. "He done it," he asserted. "He done it."

"Who did it?" said Tetley, still quietly, but slowly and distinctly.

"He did," burbled the old man, "Juan did. He told me so. No, he didn't; I saw him do it. If I saw him do it," he inquired cutely, "I know, don't I? I couldn't have done it if I saw him do it, could I?"

The Mex didn't stir. Farnley was watching the Mex, and even his hard grin was gone. He was holding his breath, and then breathing by snorts.

Martin spoke: "Juan couldn't have done anything. I was with him all the time."

"Yes, he did too do it, Mr. Martin. He was asleep; he didn't mean to tell me, but I was awake and I heard him talking about it. He told me when he was asleep."

"The old man is feeble-minded," Martin said, slowly and quietly, trying to speak so the old man wouldn't hear him. "He doesn't know what he's talking about." He looked down. Either it hurt him to say this, or he was doing a better job of acting than his condition made probable. "You can't trust anything he says. He dreams constantly; when he's awake he invents things. After a little while he really believes they have happened. He's a good old man; you've scared him and he's inventing things he thinks will save him."

Then he flared. "If you've got to go on with your filthy comedy, you can let him alone, can't you?"

"You keep out of this!" Mapes shouted, stepping quickly past the Mexican and standing in front of Martin. "You've had your say. Now shut up."

Martin stared down at him. "Then let the old man alone," he said.

Mapes suddenly struck him across the face so hard it would have knocked him over if he hadn't been tied to the others. As it was, one knee buckled under him, and he ducked his head down to shake off the sting or block another slap if it was coming.

"Lay off, Mapes," somebody shouted, and Moore said, "You've got no call for that sort of thing, Mapes."

"First he won't talk, and now he talks too damned much," Mapes said, but let Martin alone.

We had closed the circle as much as the fire would let us. Tetley moved closer to Martin, and Mapes made room for him, though strutting because of the yelling at him.

"You mean actually feeble-minded?" Tetley asked.

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"Alva Hardwick."

"And the other speaks no English? What's his name?"

"Juan Martinez."

"No, it isn't," old Bartlett said. He went up to the Mex.

"Remember me?" he asked. "At Driver's, last September?"

The Mex looked at him too quick and narrow for not understanding, but then all he did was shake his head and say, "No sabby," again.

"The devil you don't!" Bartlett told him. "Your name's Francisco Morez and the vigilantes would still like to get hold of you."

The Mex wouldn't understand.

"He talks English better than I do," Bartlett told Tetley.

"He was a gambler and claimed to be a rancher from down Sonora way somewhere. They wanted him for murder."

"What about that?" Tetley asked Martin.

"I don't know," the kid said hopelessly.

"How long's he been with you?"

"He joined us in Carson. I don't know anything about him," he said. "He told me that he was a rider, and that he knew this country, and that he'd like to tie up with me. That's all I know."

"They stick together nice, don't they?" Smith said.

"You picked him up on nothing more than that?" Tetley asked Martin.

"Why don't you come to the point?" Martin asked.

"Why ask me all these questions if you don't believe anything I tell you?"

"There's as much truth to be sifted out of lies as anything else," Tetley said, "if you get enough lies. Is his name Morez?" he went on.

"I tell you, I don't know. He told me his name was Martinez. That's all I know."

Without warning, Tetley shifted his questioning to the old man. "What did he do?" he asked sharply.

"He did," mumbled the old man. "Yes, he did too. I saw him."

"What did he do?"

"He said that—he said—" The old man lost what he was trying to tell.

"He said—" encouraged Tetley.

"I don't know. I didn't do it. You wouldn't kill an old man, mister. I'm very old, mister, very old." He assumed his expression of cunning again. "I wouldn't live very long anyway," he said.

"You're a big help," Bartlett said.

"Yeah," said Farnley, grinning at Tetley. "He makes it all clear, don't he?"

“W HAT do you know about the old man?” Tetley asked Martin patiently.

"He's all right; he wouldn't hurt anything if he could help it."

"And he's been with you how long?"

"Three years."

Tetley smiled. "What did he do before he came to you?"

"He was in the army. I don't know which army, maybe North, maybe South; he doesn't seem to be clear about it himself. Maybe he was in both at different times; I've thought so sometimes, from things he's said. Or that might be just his way of imagining. You can't always tell what's been real with him."

Tetley just stood and smiled at him and shook his head.

"I believe," Martin persisted, "some experience in the war must have injured his mind. There's one he always talks about and never finishes. He must have been all right before and something in the war did it to him."

Tetley considered the old man. Then suddenly he drew himself up stiffly and clicked his heels together and

barked out, "Attention!" with all the emphasis on the last syllable.

Old Hardwick just looked around at all of us with a scared face, more nervous and vacant than ever because he knew we were all watching him.

Tetley relaxed. "I don't think so," he said to Martin.

"He's forgotten. He forgets everything."

Tetley shook his head, still smiling. "Not that," he said.

He studied Martin for a moment.

"I'll make you a deal," he offered. "Tell us which of you shot Kinkaid, and the other two can wait."

Martin halfway glanced at the Mex, but if he was going to say anything he changed his mind. He shook his head before he spoke, as if at some thought of his own. "None of us killed anybody," he said in that tired voice again. "We were all three together all the time."

"That's all, I guess," Tetley said regretfully. He motioned toward the biggest tree on the edge of the clearing.

"My God!" Martin said huskily. "You aren't going to, really! You wouldn't, really! You can't do it!" he wailed, and started fighting his bond, jerking the other two prisoners about. The old man stumbled and fell to his knees and got up again as if it were a desperate necessity to be on his feet, but as clumsily as a cow because of his bound wrists.

"Tie them separately, Mapes," Tetley ordered.

IN spite of Mapes trying to hold him up, Martin slumped down to his knees. We couldn't understand what he was babbling. When Mapes pulled him up again, he managed to stand, but waving like a tree in a shifting wind. Then we could understand part of what he was saying. "One of them's just a baby," he was saying—"just a baby. They haven't got anything to go on, not a thing. They're alone; they haven't got anything to go on, and they're alone."

"Take them over," Tetley ordered, indicating the tree again.

Martin kept hanging back, and when he was shoved along kept begging, "Give us some time. It's not even decent. Give us some time!"

Old Hardwick stumbled and buckled but didn't fall. He was silent, but his mouth hung open and his eyes were protruding enormously. The Mex, however, walked steadily, showing only a wry grin, as if he had expected nothing else from the first.

When the three of them were lined up in a row under the limb, waiting for their horses, Martin said, "I've got to write a letter. If you're even human, you'll give me time for that, anyway." His breath whistled when he talked, but he seemed to know what he was saying again.

"He's not asking much, Tetley," Davies said.

Old Hardwick bumbled that he didn't want to die in the dark—that in the dark he saw things.

"He's really afraid of the dark," Martin said. "Can't this wait till sunrise? It's customary, anyway, isn't it?"

"All right," Tetley said after a moment. "We'll wait till daylight."

Martin asked to have his hands untied. "I can't write like this," he explained. The Mex said something too, in Spanish.

"He wants to eat," Amigo told us. "He say," he grinned, "he es mucho hongry from so mooch ride and so mooch mooch of the talk." The Mex grinned at us while Amigo was talking.

"Untie them all," Tetley said, and appointed Smith and Moore and Winder to keep them covered.

When he was freed, Martin asked for paper and a pencil. Davies had a little leather account book and a pencil in his vest. He gave them to Martin.

Ma had decided to get a meal for the Mex and anybody else who wanted it. She was examining the rustlers' packs, which had been propped against the cabin wall. There was a lot more than three men could want for a meal or two. Moore spoke up and told Ma he didn't want anything. Then others of us told her the same thing. You can't eat a man's food before him and then hang him.

When Ma set to cooking it, though, many changed their

minds. None of us had had a real meal since midday, and some not then, and the air was cold and snowy and with a piny edge. It carried the meat smell very richly. The Mex ate with big mouthfuls, taking his time and enjoying it.

Old Hardwick ate his meat and bread too, but didn't know he was doing it. He chewed with the food showing out of his mouth, and didn't stop staring. Martin drank some coffee but refused food and whisky. He was holding the notebook and pencil and thinking. It was a hard letter to write. He would stare at the fire with glazed eyes, wake up with a shiver and look around him, put the pencil to the paper, and then relapse into that staring again. It was a long time before he really began to write, and then he twice tore out a page on which there were only a few words and began again. Finally he seemed to forget where he was and what was going to happen to him, and wrote slowly and steadily.

It was very quiet, all the men sitting around except the guards. Some of the men talked in low voices, and then one or two began to nod, and then a couple of them stretched out, and then others, too tired to stay awake, dozed off. I must have slept myself, and then I woke suddenly. Gil was sitting there, awake, right beside me.

"Have I been asleep long?" I asked him.

"An hour or two, I guess."

"An hour or two?" I felt like a traitor, as if I'd wasted the little time those three men had by sleeping myself.

"You didn't miss anything," Gil said, "except Smith working on Ma."

That was still going on. They were sitting in front of us, and Smith had one arm around her thick middle and was holding a bottle up to her. He wasn't making any headway, though. She was solid as a stump.

Martin had finished his letter and was sitting hunched over with his forehead in his hands. I saw him stare at Smith and Ma once, and then bend his head again. Davies was trying to get Tetley to talk about something he was showing him, but failing. I heard Tetley making a retort to Davies. It was the first time either of them had raised his voice. "It may be a fine letter. Apparently, from what you say, it's a very fine letter. But if it's an honest letter it's none of my business to read it, and if it isn't I don't want to."

MARTIN had heard. He lifted his head and looked across at them.

"Is that my letter you're showing?" he asked.

"It's yours," Tetley told him. I knew how he was smiling when he said it.

"What are you doing, showing my letter?" Martin asked Davies. His voice had aroused the whole circle to watch them.

Smith gave up his game with Ma and rose unsteadily and came toward Martin.

"Don't go to raising your voice like that, rustler," he ordered thickly.

Martin paid no attention to Smith. He stood up and spoke to Davies: "If I remember rightly, all I asked was that you keep that letter and make sure it was delivered."

"I'm sorry," Davies said. "I was just trying to prove—"

Martin began to move across toward Davies. The veins were standing out in his neck. Several men scrambled to their feet. Davies rose too, defensively.

"It's enough," Martin said in a smothered voice to Davies, "to be hanged by a pack of bullying outlaws, without having your private thoughts handed around to them for a joke."

"I've said I'm sorry," Davies reminded him, sharply for him. "I was merely doing—"

"I don't give a damn what you were doing! I didn't write that letter to be passed around. I wrote that letter to—well, it's none of your business, not yours, and not any of these others."

"I made no promise," Davies told Martin.

"All right, you made no promise. I should have known I'd need a promise. Or would that have done any good? I thought there was one white man among you. Well, I was wrong."

Then he became general in his reference. He waved an arm around to take us all in. "But what good would an oath do in a pack like this, an oath to do what any decent man would do by instinct? You eat our food in front of us, and joke about it. You make love publicly in front of men about to die, and are able to sleep while they wait. What good would an oath do where there's not so much conscience in the lot as a good dog has?"

"Give me that letter!" he ordered, taking another step toward Davies.

Still holding the letter, Davies said quietly, "Your wife ought to hear from you, son. None of us could be so kind as that letter; and she'd want it to keep."

Martin stared at him. His face changed, the wrath dying out of it. "Thanks," he said. "I'm sorry. Yes, keep it, please, and see that she gets it."

"Hey—the Mex!" Ma yelled. She was pointing up to the edge of the woods. There was the Mex, working at the rope on one of the horses. There was a general yell and scramble. Somebody yelled to spread—he might have a gun. The Mex did have a gun. When Farnley shot, he yanked the horse around in front of him and shot back. Farnley tried another shot and nicked the horse, which squealed and reared so the Mex lost him. Then he must have given up trying to get the horse and made a break for it on foot, because Farnley, who was out in the edge of the woods, shot again. Then he plunged into the woods, yelling something as he went. Others fanned out into the woods, too.

Then it was quiet for a few minutes, those of us who had stayed behind waiting to hear it happen. Finally it began—three short, flat shots, then a deeper one. Then it was quiet again, and we thought it was all over, when there were two more of the flat explosions and after a moment the deeper one again. Then it stayed quiet. Then we saw them coming down. Two of them had the Mex between them, but he wasn't dead; he wasn't even out. They carried him down into the light and set him on a log. He was sweating, but not saying anything, and not moaning.

ONE of the men who had gone in for the Mex after Farnley came up to Tetley and handed him something. "That's the gun he had," he said, nodding at the Mex. It was a long blue-barreled Colt six-shooter with an ivory grip. "It's empty," the man said. "He shot 'em all out, I guess."

Farnley was looking at the gun in Tetley's hand. He was staring at it. After a moment, without asking, he reached out and took it away from Tetley.

"Well," he said, after turning it over in his own hands, "I guess we know now, don't we? If there was ever anything to wonder about, there ain't now. It's Larry's gun," Farnley said. "Look." He pointed to the butt and gave it to us to look at. Kinkaid's name—all of it, Laurence Liam Kinkaid—was inlaid in tiny letters of gold in the ivory of the butt.

Tetley recovered the gun and took it over and held it for the Mex to see.

"Where did you get this?" he asked. His tone proved he would take only one answer. Sweating from his wound, the Mex grinned at him savagely.

"If somebody will take this bullet out of my leg, I will tell you," he said.

"He talks American!" Ma said.

"And ten other languages," said the Mex. "But I don't tell anything I don't want to in any of them. My leg, please. I desire I may stand upright when you come to your pleasure."

"What's a slug or two to you now?" Farnley asked.

"If he wants it out, let him have it out," Moore said. "There's time."

The Mex looked around at us all with that angry grin. "If somebody will lend me the knife, I will take it out myself."

"Don't give him no knife," Bartlett said. "He can throw a knife better than most men can shoot."

"Better than these men, it is true," said the Mex. "But if you are afraid, then I solemnly give my promise

I will not throw the knife. When I am done, then quietly I will give the knife back to its owner, with the handle first."

Surprisingly, young Tetley volunteered to remove the slug. His face was white, his voice smothered, when he said it, but his eyes were bright. He crossed to the Mex and knelt beside him. But when he took the knife one of the men offered him, his hand was shaking so he couldn't even start. He put up a hand as if to clear his eyes, and the Mex took the knife away from him. "The little man is polite," he commented, "but without the stomach for the blood, eh?"

Then he said, while he was feeling from the wound along his leg up to the thigh, "Will some one please to make the fire better? The light is not enough."

WHEN the fire had blazed up, the Mex turned to present his thigh to the light, and went to work. Everybody watched him. It's hard not to watch a thing like that, though you don't want to. He set his jaw, and high on the thigh made an incision. His grin froze so it looked more like showing his teeth, and the sweat beads popped out on his forehead.

"That is very bad shooting," he said. He panted from the pain.

Nonetheless, when he began to work again he hummed a Mexican dance tune through his teeth. He halted the song only once, when something he did with the point of the knife made his leg straighten involuntarily and made him grunt in spite of himself. After that his own hand trembled badly; but he took a breath and began to dig and sweat and hum again. It got so I couldn't watch it, either. There was a murmur, and I looked back, and the Mex had the bloody slug out and was holding it up for us to look at. When we had seen it, he tossed it to Farnley.

"You should try again with that one," he said.

Then, propping the knife so the blade was in the coals, he began washing out the two wounds. He took care of himself as carefully as if he still had a lifetime to go. Then, when the knife blade was hot enough, he drew it out of the fire and clapped it against the wound. His body stiffened, the muscles of his jaw and the veins of his neck protruded, and the sweat broke out over his face; but still he drew the knife away from the thigh wound slowly, as if it pleased him to take his time. He asked for some fat from the steaks, rubbed the grease over the burned cuts, and bound them with a purple kerchief he'd had around his neck. Then he lit a cigarette and took it easy. Martin and old Hardwick were bound again. Tetley told them they needn't tie the Mex, he wouldn't go far for a while. The Mex thanked him, grinning.

But when Tetley began to question him about the gun, all he'd say was that he'd found it; that it was lying right beside the road, and he'd brought it along, thinking to meet somebody he could send it back with. When Tetley called him a liar and repeated the questions, the Mex at first just said the same thing, and then suddenly became angry and stubborn-looking, called Tetley a blind fool, lit another cigarette, and said, "No sabby," as he had at first.

Martin told the same story about the gun—that they'd found it lying by the west lane when they came out from Drew's place, that all the cartridges had been in it, that he'd told the Mex to leave it because it was too far to go back to the ranch with it, but that the Mex had thought they might meet somebody who could return it. There wasn't anything else to be had out of either of them.

The Mexican's courage, and even, in a way, young Martin's pride in the matter of the letter, had won them much sympathy, and I think we all believed now that the old man was really a pitiful fool. But, whatever we thought, there was an almost universal determination to finish the job now. The gun was a clincher with us.

All but Davies. Davies was trying to get other men to read the letter. He maintained stronger than ever that young Martin was innocent, that Martin was not the

kind of a man who could either steal or kill. He worked on those of us who had shown some sympathy with his ideas before. He tried hard not to let Tetley notice what he was doing, to stand naturally when he talked, and not to appear too earnest to a person who couldn't hear him. But he didn't make much headway. Most of the men had made up their minds, or felt that the rest had and that their own sympathy was reprehensible and should be concealed. That was the way I felt. None of us would look at the letter. When he came to us, telling us to read the letter, Gil said, "I don't want to read the letter. It's none of my business. You heard the kid."

"Do you suppose it matters to his wife who sees this letter?" Davies said. "In her place, which would you rather have—a live husband with some of his secrets with you revealed, or a dead husband and all your secrets still? I don't like to pry any more than you do," he insisted, "but you can't put a life against a scruple. I tell you, if you'll read this letter you'll know he couldn't have done it—not any of it. And if the letter's a fake we have only to wait to know, don't we?"

It wasn't long until daylight, and the men hadn't really settled down again, but were moving around in groups, talking and smoking. Still, I thought Tetley was watching us. Then Tetley called out, "Don't you know a trick when you see one, Davies? Or are you in on this?"

Davies retorted that he knew a trick as well as the next man, and that Tetley himself knew that this wasn't any trick—yes, and that Tetley knew he'd had no part in any such games himself. He was defiant, and stated again, defiantly, his faith in the innocence of the three men. But he talked hurriedly, defensively, and finally stopped of his own accord at a point that was not a conclusion. Whatever else was weakening him, I believe he felt all the time that it was ugly to talk so before the men themselves; that his own defense sounded no prettier there than Tetley's side. Then, too, he had little support, and he knew it.

"I think we'd better get this settled," Tetley said. "We must act as a unit in a job like this. Then we need fear no mistaken reprisal. Are you content to abide by a majority decision, Davies?"

Davies looked him in the face, but even that seemed to be an effort. He wouldn't say anything.

"How about the rest of you men?" Tetley asked. "Majority rule?"

THERE were sounds of assent. Nobody spoke out against it.

"It has to," Ma said. "Among a bunch of pigheads like this you'd never get everybody to agree to anything."

"We'll vote," Tetley said. "Everybody who is with Mr. Davies for putting this thing off and turning it over to the courts, step out here." He pointed to a space among us on the south side of the fire.

Davies walked out there and stood. Nobody else came for a moment, and he flushed when Tetley smiled at him. Then Sparks stepped out. Sparks was the only Negro in the village, the village handy man. Then Gerald Tetley joined them. His fists were clenched as he felt the watching and saw his father's sardonic smile disappear slowly until his face was a stern mask. There was further movement, and some muttering, as Carl Bartlett and Moore stood out with them also. No more came.

"Five," said Tetley. "Not a majority, I believe, Mr. Davies."

He was disappointed that any one had ventured to support Davies. I'm sure he hadn't expected as many as four others. I know I hadn't. And he was furious that Gerald had been among them. But he spoke quietly and ironically, as if his triumph had been complete.

Davies nodded, and slowly put Martin's letter away in his shirt pocket, under his waistcoat.

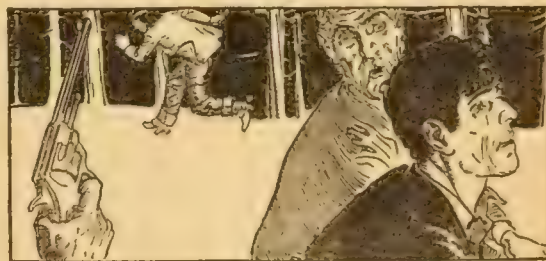
It was already getting light; the cabin and the trees could be seen clearly. We knew it was going to happen now, and yet I believe most of us still had a feeling it couldn't. It had been delayed so long; we had argued so much. Only Tetley seemed entirely self-possessed.

His face showed no signs of weariness or excitement.

He asked Martin if there was any other message he wished to leave. Martin shook his head. In this light his face looked hollow, pale, and without individuality. His mouth was trembling constantly and he was careful not to talk. I hoped, for our sake as much as his, that he'd make the decent end he now had his will set on.

Old Hardwick babbled constantly, in a hoarse worn-out voice, about his innocence, his age, and his not wanting to die. We were surprised that the Mex wanted to make a confession, but he did. There wasn't any priest, so Amigo was to hear the confession and carry it to a priest the first time he could go himself. They went down to the place where the sheds had stood. We saw the Mex try to kneel, but he couldn't, so he stood there confessing with his back to us. If the Mex was saying anything we ought to know now—which was what we were all thinking—we couldn't tell it from watching Amigo. He appeared merely to be intent upon remembering, in order that all the Mex's sins might be reported and forgiven.

In his field-officer manner, Tetley was directing. Farnley knotted and threw up three ropes, so they hung over the long branch with the three nooses in a row. Then others staked down the ends of the ropes. The three



horses were brought up again, and held under the ropes.

Tetley appointed Farnley, Gabe Hart, and Gerald to whip the horses out. It was all right with Farnley, but Gabe, who was the stage hostler, refused. He gave no excuse, but stood there immovable, shaking his head. I was surprised Tetley had picked him.

"Gabe's not agin us, Mr. Tetley," Winder, who owned the stagecoach, apologized. "He can't stand to hurt anything. It would work on his mind."

Tetley asked for a volunteer, and when no one else came forward, Ma took the job. She was furious about it, though.

When it seemed all settled, young Tetley, nearly choking, refused also.

"You'll do it," was all Tetley told him.

"I can't, I tell you!"

"It's a necessary task," Tetley told him evenly. "Some one else must perform it if you fail. I think you owe it to the others, and to yourself, on several scores."

The boy still shook his head.

Moore, although he had refused on his own account, came over to Tetley and offered to relieve Gerald. "The boy's seen too much already. You shouldn't press him, man."

Tetley's face abruptly became bloodless. His mouth stretched downward, long and thin and hard, and his eyes glimmered with the fury he restrained. It was the first time I'd ever seen him let that nature show through, though I had felt always that it was there. He still spoke quietly, though, and evenly.

"This is not your affair, Moore. Thank you just the same."

Moore shrugged and turned his back on him. He was angry himself.

Tetley said to Gerald, "I'll have no female boys bearing my name! You'll do your part and say nothing more." He turned away, giving the boy no opportunity to reply.

"That must have been a very busy life," he remarked, looking down where the Mex was still confessing to Amigo.

When at last the Mex was done and they came back up, and the three prisoners were stood in a row with their hands tied down, Martin said:

"I suppose it's no use telling you again that we're innocent?"

"No good," Tetley assured him.

"It's not for myself I'm asking," Martin said.

"Other men have had families and have had to go for this sort of thing," Tetley told him. "It's too bad, but it's not our fault."

"You don't care for justice," Martin flared. "You don't even care whether you've got the right men or not. You want your way, that's all!"

When Tetley just smiled, Martin's control broke again.



"There's nobody to take care of them. They're in a strange place, they have nothing, and there's nobody to take care of them! Can't you understand that? You've got to let me go! If there's a spot of humanity in you, you've got to let me go. Send men with me if you want to. I'm not asking you to trust me. You wouldn't trust anybody; your kind never will. Send men with me, then—but let me see them, let me arrange for them to go somewhere, for somebody to help them."

Old Hardwick began to whimper and jabber aloud again, and finally buckled in the knees and fell forward on his face. The Mex looked straight ahead of him and spat with contempt. "This is fine company for a man to die with!" he said.

Martin started to yell something at the Mex, who was right beside him, but Mapes walked up to him and slapped him in the face. He slapped him hard, four times, so you could hear it like the crack of a lash. He paid no attention to protests, or to Davies trying to hold his arm. After the fourth blow he waited to see if Martin would say anything more. He didn't, but stood there, crying weakly and freely, great sobs heaving his chest up and making him lift his chin to catch his breath because of the bonds.

Others put the old man back on his feet, and a couple of shots of whisky were given to each of the three. Then they walked them over to the horses. The old man went flabby on them and they had nearly to carry him.

I saw Davies keeping Amigo behind, holding him by the arm and talking. Amigo's face was angry and stubborn, and he kept shaking his head. Tetley saw it too, and guessed what I had. Smiling, he told Davies that a confession was a confession, and not evidence, even in a court.

"He doesn't have to tell us," Davies said. "All he has to do is say whether we'd better wait. Then we could find out."

Amigo looked worried.

Tetley said, "Men have been known to lie, even in confession, under pressure less than this."

"I'll give you two minutes to pray," he told the three. They were standing by the horses now, under the branch with the ropes hanging down from it.

Martin was chewing his mouth to stop crying. He looked around at us quickly. We were in a fairly close circle. Nobody would face him; man after man looked down. Finally, like he was choking, he ducked his head, then, awkwardly because of the rope, got to his knees. The Mex was still standing, but had his head bent and was moving his lips rapidly. The old man was down in a groveling heap.

"Time's up," Tetley said, and the old man wailed once, as if he'd been hit. The Mex lifted his head and glanced around quickly. His face had a new expression, the first we'd seen of it in him. Martin rose slowly to his feet and looked around slowly. The moments of silence and

the crisis had had the reverse effect on him. He no longer appeared desperate or incoherent, but neither did he look peaceful or resigned. I have never seen another face so bitter as his was then, or one that showed its hatred more clearly. He spoke to Davies, but even his voice proved the effort against his pride and detestation.

"Will you find some one you can trust to look out for my wife and children?" he asked. "In time she will repay anything it puts you out."

Davies' eyes were full of tears. "I'll find some one," he promised.

"You'd better take some older woman along," Martin said. "It's not going to be easy."

"Don't worry," Davies said. "Your family will be all right."

"Thanks," Martin said. Then he said, "My people are dead, but Miriam's are living. They live in Ohio. And Drew didn't want to sell his cattle; he'll buy them back for enough to cover their travel."

Davies nodded.

"Better not give her my things," Martin said. "Just this ring, if you'll get it."

Davies fumbled at the task. He had trouble with the rope, and his hands were shaking; but he got the ring, and held it up for Martin to see.

Martin nodded. "Just give her that and my letter first. Don't talk to her until she's read my letter." He didn't seem to want to say any more.

"That all?" Tetley asked.

"That's all, thanks," Martin said.

They asked the Mex, and he suddenly started speaking very rapidly. He was staring around as if he couldn't quite see us. It had got to him finally, all right. Then he stopped speaking just as suddenly, and kept shaking his head in little short shakes. He'd been talking in Spanish. They didn't ask the old man.

The three of them were lifted onto the horses and made to stand on them. Two men had to support old Hardwick.

Farnley got up on a horse and fixed the noose around each man's neck. Then he and Ma got behind two of the horses with quirts in their hands. Young Tetley had to be told twice to get behind his. Now the Mex had gone to pieces too, buckling nearly as badly as Hardwick, and jabbering rapid and panicky in Spanish. When the horse sidled under him once, tightening the rope, he screamed. In the pinch, Martin was taking it the best of the three. He kept his head up, not looking at any of us, and even the bitterness was gone from his face. He had a melancholy expression such as goes with thinking of an old sorrow.

TETLEY moved around behind the horses and directed Mapes to give the signal. Mapes fired the shot. Ma and Farnley cut their horses sharply across the haunches, and the holders jumped away. The horses jumped away too, and the branch creaked under the jerk. The old man and the Mex were dead at the fall, and just swung and spun slowly. But young Tetley didn't cut. His horse just walked out from under, letting Martin slide off and dangle, choking to death, squirming up and down like an impaled worm, his face bursting with compressed blood.

Gerald didn't move even then, but stood there, shaking all over and looking up at Martin fighting the rope.

After a second Tetley struck the boy with the butt of his pistol, a backhanded blow that dropped him where he stood.

"Shoot him," he ordered Farnley, pointing at Martin.

Farnley shot. Martin's body gave a little leap in the air, then hung slack, spinning slowly around and back, and finally settling into the slowing pendulum swing of the others.

Gil went with Davies to help young Tetley up. Nobody talked much, or looked at anybody else. All except Mapes and Smith shied clear of Tetley, but he didn't seem to notice. He untied his big palomino, mounted, swung him about, and led off toward the road. His face was set and white; he didn't look back.

Most of the rest of us did, though, turn once or twice to look. I was glad when the last real fall of the snow started, soft and straight and thick. It lasted only a few minutes, but it shut things out.

Gil caught up and rode with me after he and Davies had helped Gerald. I'd thought, seeing him drop, that the kid had been killed; but Gil said no, it had been a glancing blow, that snow on his face and a drink had fixed him up enough to ride.

We rode slowly, letting the others disappear ahead of us and Gerald and Davies come up behind us. It was difficult to turn in my saddle, but I did, to get a look at Gerald. His face had a knife-edge, marble-white look, and the circles under his eyes were big and dark, so that he appeared to have enormous eyes, or none at all, but empty sockets like a skull. He wasn't looking where he was going, but the trouble wasn't his injury. I don't think he knew now that he had it. He was gnawing himself inside again. Passionate and womanish, but with a man's conscience and pride, that boy kept himself thin and bleached just thinking and feeling.

Davies, riding beside him, kept passing his hand over his face in a nerveless way unusual to him, rubbing his nose or fingering his mouth or drawing the hand slowly across his eyes and forehead, as if there were cobwebs on his skin.

WE were all tired, even Gil half asleep in his saddle, and we nearly rode into the horses standing in the clearing before we saw them. They were quietly bunched under the falling snow.

"It's the sheriff," Gil said. "It's Risley."

Then he said, "It's Kinkaid!"

It was, too, with a bandage on his head, and a bit peaked, but otherwise as usual, quiet, friendly, and ashamed to be there. The other three men, besides the sheriff, were Tyler, Drew, and Davies' clerk Joyce. The judge was red in the face and talking violently, but through the snow his voice came short and flat.

"It's murder—murder and nothing less. I warned you, Tetley. I warned you repeatedly! And Davies warned you. You were all warned. You wanted justice, did you? Well, by heaven, you shall have it now—real justice. Every man of you is under arrest for murder. We'll give you a chance to see how slow regular justice is when you're in the other chair."

Nobody replied to him, that I could hear.

"I knew it didn't feel right," Gil said. "I knew we should wait. That damned Tetley!" he finished.

Everybody would hang it on Tetley now. I didn't say anything.

The sheriff was stern, but he wasn't the kind to gabble easily, like Tyler. His deep-set hard blue eyes looked at each of us in turn. Nobody but Tetley tried to hold up against his look, and even Tetley failed.

When he'd made us all look down, he sat silent for a moment, as if considering carefully, looking us over all the time. Finally he stared into the snow over us, and the milky blue shadows of the trees through it, and said, "I haven't recognized anybody here. We passed in a snowstorm, and I was in a hurry."

"That's collusion, Risley," the judge began loudly, getting redder than ever. "I'll have you understand I won't—"

"What do you want to do?" Risley cut in, looking at him.

The judge tried to say something impressive about the good name of the valley and of the state, and the black mark against his jurisdiction and Risley's, but it was no use. Everybody just waited for him to stop. He couldn't hold out against all of us without Risley.

When he was just blowing again, Risley said, "I'm not even looking for the leaders. Nobody had to go if he didn't want to."

He went on in a changed tone, as if he had finished unimportant preliminaries and was getting down to business: "I'll need ten men for my posse."

We all volunteered. We were tired, and we'd had plenty of man hunting and judging to hold us for a long time, but we felt he was giving us a chance to square

ourselves. Even Tetley volunteered. But Risley didn't notice him; he passed up Mapes also. But he took Moore, and after looking at him for a long time he took Farnley. Kinkaid looked up at that, smiled a little, and raised one hand off the horn just enough so Farnley could see it. Farnley straightened as if he'd had half a life given back to him. Farnley was mean with a grudge, but honest. If he didn't like Risley right then, he liked himself a lot less.

When Risley had selected his ten men, he ordered the rest of us to go home. "Go on about your own business," he told us. "If you have to tell anybody anything, just tell them I'm taking care of this with a posse. You can't stop the talk, but there'll be a lot less fuss if you keep out of it."

He turned to the judge. "It'll have to be that way," he apologized.

"Perhaps, perhaps," the judge muttered. "All the same—" And he subsided. Actually, though, he was relieved. We didn't have to worry about him.

Risley and Drew pushed through us, the chosen men falling in behind them. The rest began to drift down toward the valley. Tetley was left to ride by himself this time. But he was iron, that man. His face didn't show anything, not even weariness.

Davies stopped Risley and Drew. For some obscure reason connected apparently only with the way he felt, he didn't believe he should take that letter to Martin's wife. He wanted Drew to take it. He wanted to get a woman to help Martin's wife, too. He was much impressed by the need of the woman, and repeated it several times, saying it should be an older woman who had had children and wouldn't gush. He insisted that Drew must be able to see why he couldn't take the letter.

You could tell by Drew's face that he couldn't see. He was taking the whole thing impatiently, as business to be done. But then, he hadn't seen what we had. And he wasn't totally without concern, because, when Davies asked him, as if somehow the answer was very important to him personally, if he had sold the cattle to Martin, he answered, "Yes, poor kid. A lot better for him if I hadn't. It don't do to change your regular ways," he added. "Men get to banking on them."

THEN he took the letter and the ring, assuring Davies that he would send somebody he could trust if he couldn't take them himself. He promised he would send a woman, too—a woman who would take care of things and not be a sympathymonger. "I'll give his wife the money he paid me for the cattle, of course," Drew said impatiently. "I have it with me. I haven't even had a chance to get back to the house yet."

Then he got ready to go, but looked hard at Davies, and decided to risk an opinion on something which wasn't strictly any of his business.

"You'd better get some rest," he told Davies. "You're taking this too hard. From what I've heard, you did all you could. There's nothing you or anybody else can do about it now."

On the edge of town, Gil asked me, "How do you feel?"

It seemed to cheer him up when I told him I was coming all right.

"The quicker we get out of this town," he said, "the better I'll feel."

I didn't feel like two days' riding right then. I had my mind set on food and a bed. I didn't say anything. He saw what I was thinking, though.

"Still," he said, "I wouldn't mind getting some grub and some drinks and staying around for a couple of days. We'll lay up at Canby's."

"I'll be all set by tomorrow," I told him.

"Sure," he said.

When we went in at Canby's, Smith was already there, drinking and arguing. He was working himself up to a fit of righteousness. Canby was standing behind the bar, listening to him, but not showing anything or saying anything. Smith was quiet when he saw us, and began staring down into his drink as if he was thinking hard but keeping his thoughts to himself.

"What'll it be?" Canby asked us, like we'd just come in from work.

"We want a room," Gil said, looking at Smith hunched over his drink.

Canby looked at me. He knew, all right. "Go on up," he said. "The front room's empty. The whole damn place is empty, for that matter," he continued, looking at Smith, "but the front room's all made up."

While I lay down on the bed Gil built a fire in the stove. There was fresh-cut wood in a heap on the floor beside it.

"You lay here and take a rest for a while," Gil said. "I'll take the horses over to Winder's."

|| MUST have fallen asleep and they didn't want to wake me. The next thing I knew, it was afternoon, and then I saw Davies. He was sitting on the one chair, looking at the floor. His hair was tangled from running his hands through it, and he had a little white stubble of beard. He looked tired too, his face slack and really old, with big bruised pouches under the eyes.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

He wanted to say something, but couldn't get started. Then he pulled the words out of himself. "I keep thinking about it, Croft, and I know now I should have stopped it—somehow, anyhow—maybe with a gun. But I was right there, and I didn't. I feel as though I'd killed those three men."

It didn't seem right having Davies talk to me like that, and I didn't like it. It was time to stop talking about it now—to forget it, if we could.

"You tried," I told him. "You're the only one that did try. And you didn't have a gun. If we have to blame anybody now—"

"I know," he said almost angrily, "you'd say it was Tetley. That's what they all say. They all feel guilty now and they have to blame somebody. They've chosen Tetley."

"We were all set on it," I admitted, "but Tetley was worst of all. Nothing could stop Tetley."

"Tetley's a beast," Davies said suddenly, with more anger than I'd have thought he could have against anybody. "He killed the boy, too."

"Sure," I said, trying to get him to ease up on himself. "All three of them."

"No; Gerald," he said.

"Gerald?" I echoed.

"You haven't heard, then?" he asked. "I thought you'd have heard."

"I've been right here, sleeping. What would I have heard?"

"That Gerald did kill himself."

"He didn't!" I said.

"You didn't think he would?" he asked.

"No," I said. "He couldn't have. He talked too much."

"He did, though," Davies said. "He did." And suddenly he put his head down and clung to it with both hands, passing through another seizure like the one he'd had earlier.

Then he was quiet again, and looked up, though not at me, and told me evenly: "When he got home, his father had locked the house against him. He went out into the barn and hanged himself from a rafter. The hired man found him about noon. I saw him," he said slowly. His hands stopped twisting and gripped together.

"The poor kid," I said.

"Yes," he said, "the poor kid."

Davies was about to say something more, when the door opened, and it was Gil and Canby.

"Hello," Canby said to both of us, and then to me, "How long have you been awake? I just came up to see if you wanted something to eat."

Gil was a little tight, in his steady way.

"Sorry," he said. "Didn't know you had company."

"It's all right," Davies said. "I was just going."

"I took the horses over to Winder's," Gil said, not noticing Davies any more, "and he wanted to drink. He felt pretty low about the business."

"He did?" I said.

"Bill's not a bad guy, when you know him," Gil main-

tained. "Anyway," he said cheerfully, "we won't have to have another hanging. Tetley took care of himself."

It caught me wide open, and I made a bad cover.

"Oh—Gerald, you mean?" I said, after too long a wait. "Yeah, I heard," and tried to signal him off. He didn't get it.

"No," he said. "His old man too. After he heard about the kid, he locked himself in the library and jumped on a sword. They had to break the door open to get him. Saw him through the window, lying on his face in there on the rug, with that big cavalry sword of his sticking up through his back."

Canby saw me glance at Davies, and I guess I looked as funny as I felt. Canby turned quick to look at him, too.

"Who would have thought the old buzzard had that much feeling left in him?" Gil said.

Davies just stood there for a moment, staring at Gil. Then he made a little crying noise in his throat—a sort of whimper, like a pup—and I thought he was going to cave. He didn't, though. He made that noise again, and then went out, closing the door behind him.

"What's the matter?" Gil asked, scared.

"He had a notion he was to blame," I told him.

"For what?"

"The whole business."

"He was?" Gil said. "That's a good one."

"Isn't it?" I said. I didn't want to talk about it. I felt sick for the old man.

We both thought about it for a minute.

"Well," Gil said, "we better eat something."

"I'm not hungry."

"You better eat, though," he said. "I gotta eat, too," he added. "I can't drink any more till I eat something."

We ate out in the back room, where it was already laid out for us, salt pork, winter rotten potatoes, beans, and black coffee. At first it stuck in my throat, but I drank two cups of the coffee and was hungry again. Canby came in while we were eating, and said Davies would be all right; he'd given him something to make him sleep. There was nobody in the bar, so he stood watching us eat, with his towel in his hand. He said the story was all over town all right, but in one way it was working out good. They were taking up a pot for Martin's wife. There was more than five hundred dollars.

44 T HAT reminds me," Gil said. "I put in twenty-five apiece for us."

After a while Canby went back to the bar. We followed him and had a couple of drinks and a smoke. I didn't want any more. What I still wanted was sleep. It seemed as if I hadn't even got started on the sleeping I could do. Besides, there were men beginning to come in who hadn't been up there with us. They would look at us, and then stay at the other end of the bar and talk to Canby in low voices, now and then sneaking another look at us. Gil was getting sore about it. He still hadn't had the fight he wanted. He would stand there, staring at the men, and just waiting for any one to say something he could start on.

Then, just as I was getting worried about Gil starting another scrap, he picked up the bottle and two glasses and said, "Come on. I don't want to fight now. I'd kill somebody."

Up in the room, I stretched out on the bed. Gil put the bottle and glasses on the dresser and went over and looked out of the window into the street. It was about sunset, a clear sky again, and everything still. Gil opened the window, and the cool air came in, full of the smell of the meadows. Way off we could hear the meadow larks. Gil poured himself a drink and lit another cigarette. He blew the smoke hard, and it went out the window in a long, quick stream. *Tink-tink-a-link* went the meadow lark. And then another one, even farther off, *teenk-teenk-a-leenk*.

Then Gil said, "I'll be glad to get out of here," as if he'd let it all go.

"Yeh," I said.

THE END

FOR 1943 I'm going to wish you the only kind of new year that can make any of us happy—a victorious new year. When you stand with your midnight glass upraised on New Year's Eve, I suggest this toast: *Victory in '43!* . . . If you celebrate with festive wine that bubbles, you may be interested in some facts about American champagne, and about champagne drinking in general. Jules Bohy, Paris authority now expertizing here for L. N.



Renault & Sons, has given me useful information. . . . "One bottle," he says, "holds five or six glasses. Three bottles ought to be enough for a temperate party of eight people. Never pour glasses more than three quarters full. Three dollars a bottle should be tops to pay, for home consumption. You have five excellent brands to choose from in that price range. Restaurants must naturally charge a little more to get their profit after service costs. . . . Disregard vintage years. Any champagne put on the market by a reputable firm has been sufficiently aged. . . . Proper chilling is important. Even when you have kept champagne several hours in your refrigerator, it's best to put the bottles in an ice bucket for at least fifteen minutes before opening. Three trays of ice cubes in a bucket half filled with cold water will do the trick. Twirl your champagne bottles around occasionally while they're in the bucket. Direct contact with ice does something special to the wine, so it seems. . . . Best things to eat with champagne are white-bread sandwiches of meat spread, chicken, turkey, cheese, etc., or hot creamed lobster or chicken dishes. No salads dressed with vinegar and oil. Vinegar kills the taste of champagne." . . . American champagne may now be purchased in double-size bottles called magnums, which cost the same as two single bottles. Magnums look extra splendiferous at parties, and the wine that comes out of them is supposed to be extra tasty, but

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

I don't believe many of us could tell the difference.

APART from holidays and affairs of state, champagne is also linked traditionally to love. Dancing with the girl of his desire, a young lieutenant wanted to know if she enjoyed champagne. "Adore it," she told him. "I have heard," said the young lieutenant, "that it prolongs the life of love." The girl said, "Why don't you ask my grandmother about that? She's eighty, and she still likes a glass of champagne at times."

THRIFTY show girls have made these stocking resolutions for the coming year: . . . Rinse silk stockings in lukewarm water with 1 spoonful vinegar. . . . Dry rayon stockings by patting into shape on towel, then rolling them up in towel. . . . Add spoonful of rice water when rinsing lisle-thread stockings. . . . To keep stocking color, use weak tintex solution every fourth washing.

CONCERTS given at service camps by stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company have been merry as well as musical, for the Met staff has a quick sense of fun. Conductor Erich Leinsdorf, introducing Hertha Glatz, the new contralto, and other vocal headliners to service men at Camp Lakehurst, said, "Now, you may think opera is heavy, but we're going to show you it isn't." Where-



upon the platform on which he and his troupe were standing collapsed with a crash. When they'd picked themselves up Conductor Leinsdorf said, "My mistake, boys. Opera seems to be heavier than I thought."

After that the concert was a howling success. . . . At Camp Dix all the instruments got sidetracked, so the empty-handed orchestra played pantomime music, making appropriate faces, Leinsdorf alone accompanying the famous singers on a battered piano. Soldiers had a grand time.

THIS Cuba Caramel Cake, rum-and-lemon-flavored, is intended for gala events such as New Year's parties. Not easy to do but worth the trouble: . . . Cream $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups



sugar smooth as silk with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. Add yolks 3 eggs beaten foamy. Now sift 3 cups cake flour together with 3 teaspoons baking powder. Mix with sugar-and-egg combination, thinning gradually with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk diluted with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Stir in 1 teaspoon rum flavoring, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, 1 tablespoon caramel syrup. Fold in stiffly beaten whites 3 eggs. Divide in 2 layer-cake pans, buttered and floured. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Cover with towel to keep soft while cooling. White sugar icing on top. Between the layers, caramel icing laced with rum.

SEEMS suitable at New Year's time to look back at the past reflected in the present. See how strangely history repeats words and names: Today the word *Nazi* represents book burning and literary vandalism, not to mention its deadlier sins. More than 500 years ago a man named *Nazianzen*, Bishop of Constantinople, ordered a treasury of old Greek poems to be burned, in the vain hope that his own verses would be treasured instead. Everything he wrote has long since been forgotten.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THIS is all about K. P. In case there should be one civilian left in these United States who doesn't know the meaning of those magic initials, they stand for Kitchen Police. "Kitchen" as in any house; "Police" as in any dirty job the cook can think up. Also interpreted on occasion as "Keep Peelin'."

I notice that the Judge Advocate General has now reaffirmed the right to punish soldiers with K. P. duty under the 104th Article of War. I hadn't known there was ever any question about extra K. P. being a



K. P.

punishment. Certainly I never knew a soldier who regarded it as a pleasure to serve on K. P., in or out of his turn.

Seems the J. A. G.'s decision provoked a lot of comment. Mainly the remarks were along lines about which I've been thinking for years. One authority went so far as to say, "K. P. is a privilege." (Don't laugh, men; that's what he said.) I can't go that far. I don't think that menial work is a privilege, whether you are doing it for Uncle Sam or for some one else. A fighting man likes to do his scrapping with a rifle, not a mop.

But there's this to it:

I've known old-line outfits which had never heard the word "morale"—they had it to such a degree that they didn't have to name it. And in those outfits K. P. was never given as a punishment, only in line of duty. Even so, it was no privilege to be on K. P. But at least the cooks didn't have to cope with gold bricks or worse and the food didn't take a beating. K. P. was a job to be done, and be done right, and you didn't

have to care much for the detail to look at it that way.

That's my point. I don't see how the Army can expect a man to look at his regular turn of K. P. as a "privilege" and at an extra turn as punishment, when the job itself is the same.

Either K. P. is important enough to rate as strictly honorable duty for any honest soldier, or it's bad news and only good enough for Section Eight candidates.

How do you feel about it, gentlemen?

Old Sarge.

* * *

Concerning the possibility of conscientious objectors qualifying for commissions, discussed in your page of November 21, may I take issue on the point? Although W. D. Circular 126, which you quote, mentions no religious restrictions to qualification for a commission, the Oath of Office required of officers of the Army of the United States indicates the officer so swearing does so without any reservations, mental or otherwise. As a graduate of an Officer Candidate School myself, I know of several instances where well qualified candidates were relieved from duty at the school because they were conscientious objectors and could not take the Oath of Office.

Lt. R. H. M., Pa.

Thanks, Lieutenant, for firsthand evidence. Theory is all very well, but facts count—and you obviously know what you're talking about. Yet a subsequent discussion with the Officer Candidate Section of the nearest Service Command discloses that, in spite of your personal knowledge, religion or belief is not one of the many grounds on which a candidate for commission may be rejected. In spite of the fact, that's the theory. In my own humble opinion, rejection on such grounds would violate the rights of the individual under the Constitution of the United States. Am I wrong?

* * *

Will you please settle an argument? What is the difference, if any, between the U. S. Army Air Force and the U. S. Army Air Corps?

W. E. B., Wapella, Ill.

The difference between the two is a matter of function. The Army Air Force is con-

cerned with combat, while the Army Air Corps has to do with the procurement and maintenance of supplies and equipment. That definition is oversimplified but it's the briefest way of putting it.

* * *

What can be done about my son's stubbornness in refusing to take out government insurance? Can he be compelled to do so? Isn't it better to have it and not need it than to need it and not have it?

Mrs. E. M. Z., Bronx, N. Y.

Service life insurance is not compulsory and if your son says no there is no law to make him say yes. Before the pay increase, the deduction of monthly premiums did make a considerable dent in a man's folding money, but now there's less of that argument. Certainly I agree with your last question. Talk to your son again.

* * *

How many horse cavalry units are left in the Army and where are they located? Is the old 1st Cavalry Division mechanized or not?

Pvt. C. E., Camp Stoneman, Calif.

The last I heard was that all cavalry units had been mechanized except the 1st and 2d Cavalry Divisions and the 56th Cavalry Brigade of the Texas National Guard. You ought to know better than to ask for the location of Army units in time of war.

* * *

I am writing you this letter in the hope that it will help to get battery and company clerks the break they deserve. The company clerk does more hard, steady work and has more responsibility than the majority



Cavalry

of higher ratings in his outfit, yet his rank remains at corporal. Let's give him his just due. If any job deserves the rating of sergeant, it's his; in fact, he deserves the rank of staff sergeant. A few months ago mess and supply sergeants were promoted to the rank of staff sergeant. Why was the company clerk forgotten—isn't his job of equal or greater importance? Are you with me in hop-

ing that these men who give so generously of their time, including their own recreation hours, get their just deserts?

Sgt. G. R. J., Personnel Sgt.
Major, 216th Coast Artillery
(A. A.)

Now I must admit that I have never shed any tears over the company clerks. To be entirely honest, I thought double stripes were good enough for them and at times even a little too good. Have I been wrong all these years? Apparently so, in your



Paratrooper

opinion. But how do others feel about them? Are company clerks the forgotten men of the Army?

The meeting is herewith declared open. Let 'em come!

* * *

There has been a great deal of controversy among my friends as to the pay and allowances of the enlisted personnel of the Paratroops. Can you straighten us out?

Sgt. D. J. H., Fort Riley, Kan.

The base pay is exactly the same as in any other branch of the Army: i. e., from \$50 per month for a private (7th grade) to \$138 for a master or first sergeant (1st grade) plus allowance of \$34.50 in the first three grades. But parachute troops also receive \$50 a month in addition to the base pay, regardless of grade.

* * *

As a former chaplain of the old First, I have given this bit of advice to my many young men who have gone into services: Keep your feet warm, your head cool, your bowels open, your mouth shut, and obey orders.

O. E. B., Pastor, Newark, N. J.

Every recruit should learn those wise words, remember them, and act on them.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

Horse-and-Buggy Congress Continued from page 11

other things, that all of the deals had been made with the German Republic back in 1929, not with Hitler. Also that Standard, in return for a flat purchase price of \$30,000,000, had received patents of incalculable value, out of which had come at least eight of the "industrial miracles" of America's war effort.

By noon of the second day Mr. Farish had only reached page five of his statement, for Senator Bone interrupted constantly with long rambling remarks on the rights of man, social progress, world peace, and the education of youth. Unlike his superior, Vice-President Haslam, big and choleric, refused to be pushed around. When the committee's counsel openly intimated that he and other Standard witnesses were liars, Mr. Haslam leaped to his feet with doubled fists and offered instant battle unless the charges were withdrawn. And they were.

It is true, of course, that some Senate investigations, notably the Truman committee, have done exceptionally fine jobs. Essentially, however, it is a poor method, wasting time and money. Where one committee is honest in its efforts, ten use an investigation as a short cut to the front page or to further some selfish end.

Great Britain's Parliament discarded the system long ago. Now, when the Commons wants information that will enable the members to legislate intelligently, a Royal Commission is appointed. The chairman, usually the judge of a high court, calls specialists to his side, and an authoritative report is prepared covering every phase of the subject.

For that matter, our own handling of the rubber mess offers a model procedure. When the Baruch-Compton-Conant committee was empowered to find the facts in the case and to make recommendations, the three disappeared from sight and stayed out of sight until they came in with a report that was the last word in careful analysis and sane conclusions. No open sessions, no headlines, no name-calling, no violation of civil rights, but a quiet, orderly, expert inquiry, concerned only with results. Messrs. Baruch, Compton, and Conant took exactly twenty-nine days to do the job, and all at a cost to the taxpayer of \$18,300. The usual Senate investigation spends at least \$100,000, and some spend twice that amount.

There is hope of reform. Progressive senators and representatives know that Congress has simply got to go in for a radical modernizing in its whole fact-finding set-up.

In both the Senate and House, for example, there is a Committee on Military Affairs and a Committee on

THE UNKNOWN HITLER

BY ROBERT ST. JOHN

WHEN Hitler, in 1919, was going around ranting against Socialists and Jews and getting handouts of food and drink, a Munich paper ran an article declaring that he had never done one bit of honest labor; that until he did some he would be "just a vagabond."

As Hitler became prominent, that article was reprinted again and again. He finally sued the paper for libel. In court, the magistrate said, "If you are unable to prove that you have ever earned an honorable living, no libel has been committed."

"Of course I have! I am a painter—an artist!" he shot back.

The magistrate ordered him to produce some of his paintings. At the next session he lugged in two immense landscapes, unsigned. He said his modesty had kept him from signing them.

The lawyers for the newspaper got an adjournment, sent men to all the art shops in Munich, and found in an out-of-the-way shop the self-

same two landscapes. They learned that the day after Hitler was ordered to produce some of his art he had come in and looked over all the paintings on hand. Finally he had found those two unsigned ones. He had said he knew some one who might want to buy them, and had been allowed to take them away with him. Returning them, he had explained that the prospective customer had not been interested.

Faced with this story in court, Hitler still insisted they were his work. He had painted them, he said, years ago, and had sold them to some one who had resold them. He had "traced them to the shop."

The lawyers offered to bring art materials into court. If Hitler really was an artist, surely he could do a quick painting to prove it.

Oh, no, protested Hitler; he was too sensitive an artist to work under such conditions. Eventually the libel case was dropped.

THE END

MORE WINNERS IN LIBERTY'S \$5,000 WAR HEROES CONTEST

(Continued from January 2 issue)

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(To be continued in an early issue.)

Naval Affairs, and each of the four runs its own show with complete disregard for the others. All are tireless when it comes to holding hearings. Cabinet members, generals, and admirals are not only compelled to race from wing to wing in the Capitol and back again, but often from room to room, spending hours of precious time.

So with every other department, board, bureau, and commission in Washington. All are at the beck and call of a hodge-podge jumble of committees. What could be simpler or more obviously intelligent than for the Senate and House to merge duplicative committees and then arrange for joint hearings. This reform has many vigorous proponents.

Another reform, no less vigorously pressed, is that the Congress provide itself with a staff of expert investigators and research men who will ride herd on all of the administrative agencies of government, making regular reports on what each one is doing and spending. As things are now, the House appropriates billions almost blindfolded, for all the legislators know is what officials choose to tell them.

Smarting under a sense of helplessness, Congress usually refuses to appropriate the full amount, making arbitrary cuts here and there. But almost every agency in Washington ignores these cuts and goes its happy, carefree way, incurring obligations

without the least regard for cash balances. Then, as the end of the fiscal year approaches, the agency head dashes forward with a request for a deficiency appropriation to cover the overdrafts!

This request, believe it or not, does not go before the committee that made the cuts, but goes to another that has no knowledge of the facts. Now and then some angry congressman protests, but usually these deficiency appropriations go through on greased skids. Not once in a blue moon is any official hauled over the coals for spending money he was specifically told not to spend.

A properly staffed Congress, able to dig up its own information with its own experts, might well compel savings high into the millions. Not only could it keep close tab on expenditures of government bodies, but an independent investigation might develop that there was no good reason for a body's existence.

All this rattling of dry bones, to be sure, is taking place on the House side, for the grave and reverend signiors of the Senate still frown on any suggestion of streamlining.

Public opinion, however, is on the march. Remembering the speed and efficiency of the Baruch-Compton-Conant committee, it is not likely the discredited "investigation" system will be continued for long. And will the publicity hounds be furious!

THE END



"He used to work in an advertising agency!"

want to do a mild strip tease." He even put red stripes on the shorts, just in case they might not be conspicuous enough.

A little shocked by her daring, but pleased pink about it, Miss Garson patiently awaited her big scene. Then one day the director casually announced that the picture was finished. "But my scene," gasped Greer—"my scene in the shorts?"

"Sorry," said the director. "They decided in the front office that it wouldn't do to indicate that Robert Taylor couldn't swim. His fans wouldn't like it, so they cut that scene out."

Adrian made her a present of the shorts.

The third and last determined effort, which may just do the trick, took place during the production of Miss Garson's latest picture, *Random Harvest*, in which she co-stars with Ronald Colman. In one sequence she appears as the leading lady in a cheap provincial music hall of 1918. She has to wear Scotch kilts and do a version of the Highland fling. Bobby Kalloch, M-G-M's costume designer before Irene took over, talked things over with the front office and whipped up some kilts for Miss Garson that came way down below the knees. Greer hit the ceiling. "And what are those?" she demanded icily. "Am I bowlegged or knock-kneed, or something?"

Kalloch hastily explained that the studio didn't think that the fans would approve of Mrs. Miniver in abbreviated kilts.

"Mrs. Miniver!" shrieked Greer. "Why, I'm playing Harry Lauder. Or am I?"

Anyway, she insisted on short kilts, and she got them—probably the shortest kilts ever to be seen in Hollywood. On the set she received the greatest compliment in her life when she heard one grip say to another, "Get a load of the new dame with the good-looking gams." And when the picture was previewed at Long Beach, the sailors whistled loudly and appreciatively when she appeared in her kilts.

GREER GARSON was born in County Down, Ireland. Of Scottish ancestry, her unusual first name was her mother's maiden name—a contraction of the Scotch name MacGregor. Greer's father died when she was a baby, and she and her mother moved to London. At fifteen she won a scholarship to the University of London.

Paradoxically, it was Greer's stern old grandmother who really clinched the girl's determination to go on the

stage. When Greer casually suggested it once, as every child does, the old lady said emphatically, "I'll have no granddaughter of mine kicking her legs on the stage, and men drinking champagne out of her slippers." Greer hadn't thought about that. It made the stage doubly attractive to her.

After graduation from college, she got a job in the research department of a London advertising agency, and might have become one of England's foremost career women if she hadn't met an actress one day. After lunching with the actress, she resigned her job and announced to her mother that she was going to take a fling at the stage. "You might as well try," said Mrs. Garson. So, equipped with a beautiful green dressing gown, a shiny make-up box from her colleagues at the agency, and a silver

STRAIGHT MESSAGE

Love has often been defined

As Heaven, Hell, as Bliss, as Sham.

But all Love's been to me is this:

The tenth word in a telegram.

—MOLLIE C. ROGERS.

fox fur from her mother, Greer plunged headlong into the theater.

If she's had a hard time convincing Hollywood that she isn't Mrs. Miniver, it's duck soup compared with what she went through in London, trying to convince theater managers that she was an actress.

"I couldn't even see the secretaries of the secretaries," she says.

But there's no doubt that a college education helps a girl. She was dining at the University Women's Club one night in London, lonely and depressed, when a woman suddenly approached her table and said, "I'm Sylvia Thompson, and I've just written a play. I understand you are an actress. I have been watching you all evening and I believe you are the girl for the lead. Will you do it?"

The play was *Golden Arrow*. Greer played a vivacious American girl. Her leading man was Laurence Olivier. The play ran only three weeks, but that was long enough to launch Greer as one of London's most sought-after young actresses.

She was playing a Bette Davis-Jezebel role in a Gilbert Miller play on the London stage when Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M saw her, and de-

cided that she was exactly what the American cinema needed.

How she got sidetracked from Jezebel to Mrs. Miniver is typical Hollywood. She came to Hollywood in 1938 on a year's contract—at a pretty figure. But the toast of London was given as cool a brush-off as Hollywood can give. A local trade paper announced that, "Greer Garson, an English actor, arrived in town today to begin his contract with M-G-M." And this was shortly followed by a note in a column which said: "Miss Garson, an honor graduate of the University of London and of the University of Grenoble in France, is the most erudite actress in Hollywood. An interview with her is like a romp through the dictionary. But brains, unfortunately, don't photograph."

After that—nothing.

AS the months rolled by, and Greer still didn't get before a camera, her friends back in London began asking why she had ever deserted the stage for the screen anyway.

She answered frankly. "Money," she said, "has a quiet charm."

At the end of eleven months of cooling her heels, the studio called and asked her if she'd like to play Mrs. Chips in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. Ironically enough, the picture was to be made in England. The part of Mrs. Chips seemed so small and quiet that it had already been turned down by the beauties on the M-G-M lot. But Greer was going back to England anyway, and although she considered Mrs. Chips a "mousy" part, she decided to accept it. Of Hollywood she said when she sailed, "I enjoyed the people I met individually, and hated the place collectively."

Goodbye, Mr. Chips, of course, was a sensation in America, and when Greer finished with her "mousy" part she was promptly nominated for an Academy Award. So she came back to Hollywood. There was nothing sour about her second entrance. No one mistook her for an actor, and brains suddenly became popular.

She's learned by now not to bother her pretty head over the devious ways of Hollywood. Last fall, for instance, after she finished *Random Harvest*, Greer was dreamily eyeing a remake of *Sadie Thompson*, or a little something in the South Seas in a skimpy sarong. Then M-G-M calmly announced that her next picture would be *Madame Curie*.

Greer shrugged and sighed. "Mrs. Miniver in a laboratory," she said, reaching for the aspirin.

THE END

WHEN THE WASP WENT DOWN

Continued from Page 9

read the text of that letter in the newspapers. When that boy is old enough to realize what is in it, he'll know what kind of dad he had.

Things were getting worse by the minute. Ammunition was still going off all over the ship. The rescuers, making trips from the flight deck down below carrying stretchers made of wire that wouldn't catch fire, were now coming back seared by the flames and choking from the smoke. Many of the planes were by now cleared from the deck, and some of us pitched in to help, grabbing the stretchers as they were brought up. One man, badly burned, said to me, "It's just like hell down there below. Exactly what I always thought hell must be like." Another, with a leg blown off, told me, "I don't mind going; that's what I'm here for. But I wish I'd lasted a little longer to get in some more licks against those yellow - - - - -s."

OIL on the sea to starboard had caught fire, and now the flames had climbed up over the bow to the wooden flight deck. The Wasp was listing even more. An explosion had wrecked the counterflooding compartments. Below, the gas risers had caught fire. These were the hoses that brought gasoline up to the hangar deck and to the flight deck itself. There was a lot of gasoline and ready ammunition stored on the hangar deck. It was only a question of time before the flame climbing up the risers would get to it. When that went up, it would be impossible for any one to go below.

Scores of lifeboats and rubber rafts had by this time been lowered over the port side, and now there began the work of sending down the dead and injured. One badly burned man got up off a stretcher and plunged into the sea. The shock killed him instantly and he went right down.

One of the rescuers sat down on the deck near where I was and rolled up his pants legs. He actually started to laugh when he felt his ankles. "What do you know?" he said. "Both my ankles are sprained—no wonder they've been hurtin' all this time." In the beginning the decks had come up and done the same thing to human bodies that had been done to the planes. Bones had been cracked and ankles sprained; yet not one of the men noticed such injuries until long afterward.

One plane forward, which had been so badly damaged that we couldn't move it, caught fire now.

I later learned that its machine-gun bullets began flying in all directions and one of them killed a wounded man on a stretcher. Then its gasoline went off and set the deck on fire.

I had been told that big mattresses—fine for rafts—were being flung into the water from the hangar deck, just below. There was a storeroom there, but I wondered who was strong enough to handle them; those things were heavy. Then I learned that Lieutenant Don Reeves was below, ignoring the gas and ammunition that were due to go off any second. That explained things. Reeves stood six feet three and was built in proportion.

Now the flaming oil on the water had worked its way around the bow so that the sea was on fire forward, and the Wasp was listing even more. The wind began to shift and sent a heavy pall of smoke over the flight deck. Ammunition was still going off, and there were other explosions deep in the hull. The deck itself was burning furiously up front, so all of us were driven amidships or aft.

The gas store just below on the hangar deck went off with a roar, and then the ammunition there went off. I looked over the port side and saw that the stream of mattresses that Lieutenant Reeves had been tossing over had stopped. I figured the lieutenant was gone.

I plunged back into the work of helping the wounded overside. Then I heard about something I couldn't believe. Some one told me that a mattress shot out from the hangar deck into the sea—then another one, and another. Lieutenant Reeves was still on the job! In brief silences he could be heard cursing the Japs.

THEN came the order, "Abandon ship!" Rafts, rubber boats, and mattresses filled the sea to the port side, with blazing oil between them. One of the fire hoses had been stretched overside, and I climbed down that. I was wearing my flight gear. When I dropped into the water, I pulled the cords attached to the CO₂ cylinders on my Mae West, and it inflated instantly. The water was very warm. I was afraid of sharks. The explosions had scared them away, but now they would be back.

Those of us who were not injured spoke to one another calmly as we met in the water. Some of the sailors were cursing the Japs, others cracking jokes. I saw my roommate—Lieutenant Richard Trimble, an Illinois boy—and Lieutenant W. G. (Weegie) Wright—coming along in a rubber lifeboat, hunting for men in distress. Both got off the boat and held on to its sides when there was no room left for themselves.

A couple of hours went by, and we began to wonder vaguely about a rescue. Some of the injured men had died from exposure. Then, too, we could see the sharks breaking water off in the distance. It remained for Lieutenant Ray Conklin, a husky good-natured Kansas City boy in our fighter squadron, to have an experience that his grandchildren will like to hear about some day.

RAY had got off by himself somehow when suddenly, not a hundred feet away, a big shark surfaced and started directly for him. Ray decided that the worst thing he could do would be to try and outswim the shark. So he swam toward it. He kicked and splashed and bellowed—on the theory that if a torpedo scared a shark, a vocal disturbance might, too. Well, the shark was within fifty feet of him when it suddenly decided to eat later, ducked under the surface, and swam away!

We had been in the water about three hours when a destroyer hove into sight. The Wasp, half a mile away, was now only a flaming hull, but she was still afloat, game to the end. I don't need to tell you that that destroyer was a welcome sight. But just as it got close to us it suddenly veered off. It was after a sub.

When it was about half a mile away, I heard a series of dull roars in rapid succession. Ash cans. Then I felt a tingling sensation through the submerged part of my body. That was from the depth charges.

It was about dusk when we were picked up. Lieutenant Commanders Nieberle, Shands, and Beakeley took the survivors in tow and did a magnificent job of establishing routine again.

When darkness fell the Wasp was still afloat and still burning brightly. A destroyer sent some merciful torpedoes into her, and at one minute after nine she rolled over on her side and went down.

It was only now that I realized how small was the loss of life in comparison to what it might have been except for headwork and discipline from her skipper right down to the last gob. The men who risked their own lives to save those of others would shrink from the word hero. They were men with jobs to do, and glad to be.

Well, I thought, Jack Singer would now have a story he could do justice to. But the end of the Wasp was one story Jack would never write. He was in the wardroom lounge, tapping out another story, when the torpedoes struck. He was thrown against a bulkhead and instantly killed.

THE END

in a dazed voice, "Gee! Geeeee!"

For the next couple of minutes Georgie played like a man in a dream. He was so terrible that Rocky groaned out loud and yanked the whole line off the ice the first time there was a break in the play.

When Georgie piled into the playing box, Rocky growled, "You should not overdo your act, darling boy. Of course I want you to look lady-like out there. But I don't exactly want you to give an imitation of a swooning sprite."

But Georgie did not hear him at all. He just sat there, staring across the rink at the girl in the seat behind the penalty box. He had to see her again, close up. And there was but one way to do that.

A few minutes later Rocky growled, "All right, you bums, go out there. At least you are no worse than the tramps who relieved you."

Georgie leaped over the boards to the ice. His blue eyes were bright and hard with decision. His jaw was set and his mouth was grim.

He took the puck from the Bears' center on the face-off and snapped it back to his wing, yelling, "Let's go!"

Across the blue line, Georgie yelled, "Let me have it!"

He took the pass, tucked his chin down, dug in his skates, and charged down on the defense. They could not believe that this skating fool tearing in on them was the gentlemanly Georgie. But they knew how to handle a rush like that. They just closed in to take him together.

GEORGIE hit the defense like a dive bomber. The three of them went down in a wild tangle of bodies, skates, and sticks. The puck flew wide and was picked up by his left wing, who circled the tangle, swept in on the goalie, and smacked the rubber past him for the first goal of the game, while the whole of the Bears' forward line came in and piled up with the Panther wing in front of the net.

As Georgie untangled himself he saw the red light blinking over the goal. That meant that the referee was allowing the play. He had been tough and hard, but it had been legitimate. Irked, Georgie drove an elbow into one defense man's ribs and slapped the other over the ear with his gloved hand.

But both referees were so busy untangling the mess in front of the net that they did not see Georgie's rude and illegal gestures.

So Georgie skated slowly back to face off at center ice with his determination becoming a burning fanat-

icism. "I will get into that penalty box," he said through clenched teeth, "if I have to mow somebody down with my stick."

On the next play Georgie tripped Frenchy again and gave Moose Sillicker, the Bears' right defense, the old hip and tossed him on his ear. But again both forward lines piled up in front of the net and, while they did not score, the referees were again busy untangling the mess and facing-off to the right of the Bears' net.

In the Panthers' box, Rocky stared at Georgie with his eyes bugging out. But his surprise was nothing compared to what he felt on the next rush. Georgie took the puck and whirled up through the Bears' forwards on one of the dizziest solo rushes that Rocky had ever seen. He cut across the face of the Bears' defense like a runaway comet. Moose Sillicker cut out to meet him. He charged toward Georgie on the boards. Georgie did a nifty side step and Moose whanged into the boards. Then, to Rocky's astonishment, Georgie deliberately slammed Moose back into the boards as he bounded off with a force that Rocky could feel the barrier jar under his hands.

The referee could not miss that one. His whistle tooted and Georgie skated eagerly over to the penalty box.

Rocky watched him, his jaw sagging and his eyes growing bleary. For Georgie was actually smiling.

They still talk about that period wherever hockey is played. Georgie personally started two free-for-all fights, one of which demanded the aid of the cops to settle. He tripped and charged and board-checked with all the abandon of a guy set on starting a mass riot. Twice more he took part in the procession that wended its way to and from the penalty box. And each time he went

FOOTNOTES



Gas rationing!

like a kid going on a fishing trip.

Once, when he pulled Georgie's line off for a breather, Rocky edged up to Georgie and said hoarsely, "Look, Georgie. Don't think I'm complaining about the miracle that's happened, but what the hell hit you?"

Georgie just stared across the ice at the vision behind the penalty box and mumbled, "Gee, but she is wonderful! She is an angel. She is gorgeous."

Now, Rocky, while not a sentimental guy, had seen love do strange things to men in his time. Nothing as strange as this, of course. But he watched Georgie make his next trip to the penalty box and, being the smart manager he was, tried to figure out some way to harness up this influence and use it to knock off the Stanley Cup.

BETWEEN the second and third periods Rocky gave the matter serious thought. Then he, too, stared across at the seat behind the penalty box when they came out to play their third and last period. He saw the empty seat and watched the blank scared look that spread over Georgie's face, and knew that he was right in his surmise.

As for Georgie, seeing that empty seat turned him cold inside. He kept staring at it, praying that the red-headed angel had merely gone out for a walk or something between periods. But as the period wore on, and she did not come back, Georgie realized that she had walked out on him.

He became once more the Georgie of old, playing a smooth gentlemanly game. But the job had been done. Both teams were keyed to high C. It did not need Georgie's sparking to keep the game steaming up to the last whistle.

That game ended with the Panthers, 7; Bears, 2. The Panthers were in the play-offs with the champion Eagles.

Rocky went to Georgie's room at the hotel, but not before he had put three sharp lads on the trail of the identity of the redheaded honey behind the penalty box.

After he had been broken down by Rocky, Georgie said in a kind of desperate voice, "I've got to find her, Rocky. I've got to meet her."

Rocky just patted his shoulder and said, "I'll fix it for you, Georgie, my boy. Old Rocky will fix it for you."

He gave Georgie much more of the old sympathy line as they rode on the train to the opening of the series with the Eagles. The first two games were to be played on the Eagles' home ice, and Rocky was trying to

figure out some way to 'needle Georgie for those games.

The boys hit the ice against the Eagles and went to town for two periods. But gradually Georgie's colorless playing influenced them all and the game slowed. The boys were lucky to take the game from the Eagles by the score of two to one.

The second game ended with five goals marked up for the Eagles and a goose egg for the Panthers.

There was but one bright spot on Rocky's horizon. The smart lads he had put to work in New York had gotten results. They had learned through the box office that that particular seat was a season ticket that had been sold to Miss Marilyn Marsh.

Back in New York, Rocky went out to keep an appointment they had finagled with Marilyn Marsh. Looking at her, Rocky could understand Georgie's feeling. She was by far the nicest dish that Rocky had seen in many years.

"Miss Marsh," he said, "I am a blunt old man. I'll come straight to the point." He then told her of the great passion that Georgie had conceived for her, omitting only that Georgie had deliberately gotten into the penalty box to see her. He told her how Georgie was off his game and how they had raised heaven and earth to locate her.

MARILYN sat there before Rocky with little spots of color growing in her cheeks as she said, "I am very sorry to hear that Mr. Blake has developed such an interest in me and that it has affected him disastrously. If I had heard this a week ago I should not have felt so sorry. You see, Mr. Burns, I have watched Mr. Blake playing all winter and thought he was wonderful." She sighed. "I would have been proud and happy to have met him. I have thought of him as the greatest hockey player I have ever seen. He was so fine and straight and clean that I nearly adored him. Then that game the other night—" She gave a little shiver. "That awful game," she went on, "did something to me. When he deliberately tripped and slugged in the most brutal fashion, I knew he was not the man I had thought him to be."

It was a lucky thing for Rocky that he was a fast thinker when in a tight spot. And he was now in the tightest spot of his career. He shuddered to think what would happen should he tell her the truth about Georgie's habitual gentlemanliness.

Rocky shook his head sadly. "Well, I wanted to warn you in case he tried to speak to you when you go to see the game."

"Rest assured, Mr. Burns, that I

shall never go to see a game in which he is playing after that revolting exhibition he gave the last time I saw him. I despise rough hockey."

Rocky felt like a drowning man clutching at a straw. With the mad delusion that the straw might happily turn out to be a substantial log, he said, "He only plays that way when he's in love—it brings out the worst in him."

Marilyn Marsh drew a long, deep breath. "Has there"—she hesitated—"has there been another woman?"

Rocky made a gesture of discouragement as he said, "If it had only been another woman, Miss Marsh. It has been one after another, my dear. And each time he is so certain it is the real one. When he first sees them he gets sort of fighting mad until he gains their interest—that makes him play the rough way you saw. Then when he thinks he has them interested he is at his best. You've seen him at his best. But if he is thwarted and the girl doesn't show up—he just mopes."

Rocky lowered his head in his hands and said in a tired voice, "It is my misfortune, Miss Marsh, to have my fate in the hands of such an erratic young man."

"In what way could he hold your fate in his hands?"

"He is my one hope to win the Stanley Cup. If he fails me—" Rocky spread his hands resignedly.

Watching her closely, he continued, "And if I don't win the Stanley Cup, it means my job." He gave her what he hoped was a brave smile. "For myself I wouldn't care. But it will go hard on the wife and kiddies."

ROCKY then surprised himself by the tragic story he wove. His invalid wife in the hospital in Chicago, little Benny who lay in another hospital with a twisted leg, the two darling little girls, for whom he had to hire a nurse.

Looking into her sympathetic eyes, Rocky decided he had missed his vocation. He stood up, sighing deeply. "I hoped that you might help me. But knowing how you feel about Georgie, I cannot ask it."

"I help you, Mr. Burns?" Marilyn asked in evident distress. "If I could, I would. But how can I?"

Rocky did not look at her as he said, "He thinks he is in love with you, Miss Marsh. If he were to see you again he would play beautiful hockey. But if you aren't there, he'll sulk and go sour on me. With him in that mood I won't have a chance."

Marilyn looked doubtful for a moment, then she smiled. "While I don't like rough hockey, knowing your tragic position, I would never

forgive myself if I did not do what I could to help."

Rocky put a quaver in his voice. "You are an angel, Miss Marsh."

At the door Rocky paused, cleared his throat. "If Georgie should try to talk to you, Miss Marsh, don't cut him cold." He put entreaty into his voice. "Could you pretend to think him nice by smiling at him—just to encourage him?"

Her voice had an edge as she said, "I think I would enjoy a singular satisfaction in trying, Mr. Burns."

Because of all this Rocky sat in the players' box and watched Georgie take the ice with his heart singing a merry song. Marilyn Marsh was in her seat behind the penalty box and Rocky had only to look at Georgie's face when he glanced toward her to know that everything was as nice as any one could hope.

THE game started with Georgie at center. He did not just flame into action as before. He exploded—wham!—in the face of the Eagles. He ripped the Eagles apart and slapped the remnants aside. It took him exactly two and one half minutes of play to toss big Bing Wheeler, the Eagles' tough left defense man, on his ear and draw a two-minute stretch in the penalty box.

He climbed into the box, swiveled around, and said, "Please excuse me for speaking to you, but it's terribly important."

Marilyn Marsh looked at him with little pennants of color flaming in her cheeks. "Pardon me?" she said brightly but aloofly.

"Look," Georgie said desperately. "I've got to see you again. I've got to meet you after the game."

"Got to? Really!" Marilyn said icily but with a touch of tolerance. She was stalling him along, thinking all the time of poor Rocky and his invalid wife and crippled son, to say nothing of the angelic girls.

In two minutes of talking Georgie gained absolutely nothing excepting an added determination to meet her again. As before, the timekeeper had to practically push him out of the penalty box to the ice.

Probably no guy ever pleaded his cause under such circumstances. To get to talk to her, Georgie became a flaming streak of destruction.

It was hard on Georgie. The Eagles were plenty tough. By the end of the second period and his fourth trip to the penalty box, Marilyn was almost sorry for him. He had a strip of adhesive tape on his forehead. One jaw was bruised and swollen. But he was still in there pushing.

It was in the third period that Bing Wheeler blew up. When Georgie slammed him into the boards for the

umpteenth time, he clunked him neatly over the noggin with his hockey stick, and Georgie went flat on the ice as the tide of battle turned into a riot and flowed over him.

Marilyn, forgetting all her distaste, leaped up and ran toward the runway, screaming, "Georgie! Georgie!"

By the time she got to the runway they were bringing a stretcher. They laid Georgie on it and carried him to the ambulance, with Marilyn frantically running after.

After the game Rocky phoned the hospital, only to learn that Georgie had been taken to Marilyn Marsh's home, where he was being treated by the finest surgeon in the city.

At this news a shrewd light came into Rocky's eyes. He had won the Stanley Cup. But something told him that Georgie, now that he was in right with Marilyn Marsh, would once more be the Georgie of old.

It was because of this that Rocky sat up late that night with Joe Cullenbine of the Eagles, trading Georgie for a couple of forwards and a nice bundle of cash.

So Rocky was feeling very much at peace with the world when Georgie walked into his office two weeks later.

Georgie grinned widely. "You old hyena," he said to Rocky, "telling all those lies to Marilyn. However," he added quickly, "we do not hold it against you. That game has brought us both great happiness."

Then Rocky discovered his peace of mind had fled and he was listening in a sort of shocked silence. For Georgie was talking some more. He was saying, "Of course I probably never will play hockey again; at least not for a long time. That sock over the head that I collected from Bing Wheeler was just what the doctors ordered. They said some sort of shock, similar to the one that gave me height vertigo, might set me right. So I took my tests again and, sure enough, my height vertigo is gone." He sighed happily. "Isn't it great! I've been accepted as a flying cadet."

It must be said to Rocky's credit that he shook Georgie's hand and wished him the best of luck both in matrimony and in his flying excursions against the Japs and Nazis, even though he was groaning inwardly at the thought of the nice bundle of cash and the two forwards he would not get now from Joe Cullenbine.

He gave Georgie's hand a final pump and said, "God bless you, my boy. I will walk as far as the street with you. Then I must be on my way, for I have to see a man about a hockey player."

THE END

TRICKS of TRADES



Señor Wences and "Johnny."

First, Johnny's nose is painted on the knuckle of Señor Wences' index finger with a heavy theatrical lipstick. Next comes Johnny's mouth. Wences found Constance Bennett's mouth best suited Johnny, copied her cupid's bow.



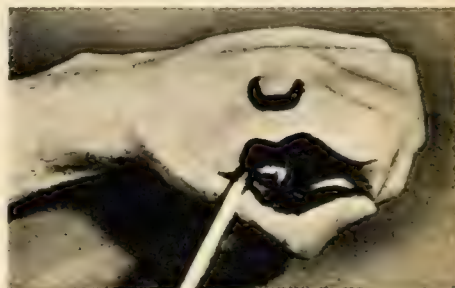
Johnny becomes excited as Wences moves his thumb. His tongue is formed by Wences' other thumb. Often a wise guy, Johnny frequently sticks his tongue out at people, despite Wences' efforts.



A patriot to the end, Johnny zips his lip when asked about the time he performed before the President in 1937. All he will say is: F. D. R. laughed so hard at his antics, his glasses fell off.

SEÑOR WENCES, a Spaniard who has been entertaining in our night clubs and theaters for the past six years, is the only ventriloquist whose dummy is practically alive. It takes Wences about seven seconds to convert his hand into his chief character, "Johnny," a small impertinent boy who looks like a combination of Veronica Lake and Boris Karloff.

Wences believes that his novelty may help save the day for children deprived of toys because of the metal shortage. See how well you can turn your hand into a doll by following these pictures showing Señor Wences at work. It'll be fun.



With a small red wig placed on top of Wences' hand, Johnny is complete. Eyes are buttons attached to the wig. They are held in place by strings locked firmly between the fingers.



Johnny's the only ventriloquist's dummy that can smoke. Wences refuses to tell how this effect is produced, guards it like a military secret. Pressure by fingers seems to be the clue.



THE INTRUDER

Continued from Page 14

Mrs. Kelly stared at her. "Why, Miz Barrett, you told me yourself he wasn't due back till the fourth."

"Yes, I know. The school doesn't begin classes until then, but the resident teachers will be there, and there's always a boy or two who can't get home for vacation. You see—something unexpected has come up. I'm going to be so busy, what with working a good part of the time, I just won't have any time left for Denny."

Mrs. Kelly frowned. "It'll be kinda hard on the boy. He was telling me all the things you and him was going to do this week."

Norrie agreed smoothly: "It's too bad, isn't it? I'll call him in now, and then I'll telephone the school. Would you mind starting on his things? I'm afraid there isn't time to pack them carefully, if you're going to make that train—"

But Mrs. Kelly didn't move. "She said unexpectedly, almost sternly, "You had ought to be proud of Denny, Miz Barrett. He's a fine boy. You ought to be proud your friends should see him."

"What do you mean?" Norrie could feel hot blood come up into her cheeks.

Mrs. Kelly picked up a dusting cloth and examined it. "I'd be

ashamed to tell you how many jobs I talked myself out of. I got a mouth big enough to put my foot in. But you're just like my own daughter, and I hate to see you tearin' yourself and the boy apart over a man."

Norrie said with stiff lips: "Mrs. Kelly, let's not be complicated. Let's not try to understand each other. The simple facts are these. My time is going to be occupied the next two days—so much so that I won't be able to care for my child properly. So I'm sending him back to school, where he will have proper care. That's all."

"Miz Barrett, dearie, let me ask you just one thing. Is it your friend Captain Peters that's going to occupy your time? Go ahead—say it's none of my business. But how can I help from noticing? Whenever he shows up, you snake Denny's picture off the bookcase and hide it. And once, that night the captain come for dinner, and I said something about the boy just offhand, you pretend like you didn't hear me, and you got so pale-lookin' I thought you was going to faint. You had ought to let him make up his own mind about the boy, without you doing it for him. Trouble is, Miz Barrett, you started out wrong—"

Started out wrong. She thought of the night they had met. She'd tagged along to a party with some people she didn't know very well. It was the day after Denny left, and she'd been

lonely coming home from work to an empty apartment.

There had been a man at the party named Captain Peters, a big man with a rugged face and black brows, and after she had seen him everything else had faded—her parting with Denny, and her loneliness.

After a while he had walked over to her and said, "You're real. I'm sick of glamour girls, and girls that have been around, and girls who always know the score. You look as though you'd just come out of tissue paper." She had had on a full-skirted print dress and a ribbon in her hair.

Started out wrong! How dare she? How dare Mrs. Kelly? And then, to her great humiliation, she was crying, and Mrs. Kelly's big soft arms were around her.

"I know, dearie. There's nothing tougher to deal with than a grown man jealous of a kid. Don't I know? When my kid was little his dad couldn't stand the sight of him—he used to beef about how he lost a wife when the boy was born. Then once I had to go away and leave the two of 'em together, and when I came back those two were thick as thieves—I was the one who was the third party. That's it, dearie. If they could only get acquainted just natural, without worrying themselves about you at all—"

THERE was a clock on the bookcase beside Denny's picture. Forty-five minutes. Norrie steadied herself. She said in a tight, small voice, "It's impossible, Mrs. Kelly. It's not the same at all. Please! All I want now is to know if you will take Denny to the station and put him on the train."

Mrs. Kelly looked at her. Then she said quietly, almost pityingly, "Sure, Miz Barrett. Sure, I'll do that."

They both heard the familiar clatter of footsteps outside and the impatient tug at the door. Denny stood there, in blue jeans and a red mackinaw, a lock of hair plastered damply across his forehead. It was as though Mrs. Kelly didn't want to look at him. She went into the bedroom and began slamming drawers shut.

"I cut my hand. We were putting a patch on Jim's bicycle tire and the knife kind of slipped. I told him I'd get a bandage on it and come right back."

Norrie dropped down beside him, her arms tight around the small square shoulders. "Listen, Denny. You can't go back and play with Jim now. You're going out and have your lunch with Mrs. Kelly, and then she's going to put you on the train. You're going back to school, darling. It's so much more fun there! There won't be any lessons right

HARDTACK



"I'm going to write a letter to Henry J. Kaiser. There must be a quicker way of doing this!"

away, and you'll have the whole place to yourself—gymnasium and everything."

She felt him grow rigid, a young male sensing conflict.

"But it isn't time to go yet! You said I could stay here with you three whole days more."

"I know, darling. But something has happened, that I didn't know about then, that changes everything."

Her voice fell to a whisper. Somehow she couldn't bear for Mrs. Kelly, in the bedroom packing Denny's clothes, to hear that.

He remembered suddenly, his eyes on the Christmas tree. "This was the night you were going to wake me up! That we were going to have fun together."

She said, "Hurry and get out of your clothes. You've got to wash. Remember that Boy Scout knife and the cunning little ax that fitted into the same holster? If you promise to be very, very careful, maybe I could send it to you."

Shameful. Shameful! But in the bathroom, when she saw his cut finger, she kissed it and said fiercely, "Here—let me fix that for you. Do you want them to think at school that nobody loves you?"

THEY were dancing now, and words sang in her mind with the music—words that made no sound. Arnold, my dearest, my jealous and dangerous lover—don't you see that whatever you imagine me to be, I am? How can I be otherwise, when I was born only last September? Because I've forgotten everything that happened before we knew each other. So, you see, I have nothing to conceal.

And it seemed, when she looked up at him, at the dark brows and the close-cropped mustache that was new since her last sight of him, that he must read these things in her face.

But his eyes moved restlessly over the packed room, the crowded tables and few feet of open dance floor. It was still early in the evening. They would be turning people away before midnight.

Arnold said, "Let's get out of here. We won't be able to fight our way to the door in an hour."

She was willing enough to go. It made no difference where they were, as long as they were together. But when she heard him give the taxi driver her address, she held back.

Why? Denny's picture was gone from the bookcase; there was no trace of a small boy left in the apartment. And yet, when Arnold had first arrived, she had met him at the door, her coat over her arm. She had



contrived that he step no farther than the threshold. And she made no attempt to explain this to herself.

Perhaps her uneasiness was caused by the fact that when she had telephoned Denny's school she had got only the housekeeper. She had left word of the time of his arrival, and the housekeeper had promised that either Mr. Knowles or Mr. Fordham would meet the train. Still, Norrie would have been happier if she had talked to the headmaster himself.

That was several hours ago. She and Arnold had had lunch, they had seen a matinee, they had had cocktails, they had had dinner. But the long evening was to be theirs alone, not to be shared with strangers. That was what Arnold wanted, and it was what Norrie wanted, too. But not—not in her chintz bower, with the bedraggled little tree still wearing its tinsel for the New Year, with two crêpe-paper hats folded in a drawer and one stubby sneaker hidden under the flounce of her dressing table!

They were in the taxi now, but she sat huddled away from him, on the edge of the seat. He put an arm around her shoulders and gave her an exasperated little shake. "What's the matter?" he said harshly. "What are you thinking about, Norrie? You know, sometimes I wish I could turn your mind inside out, like a woman's handbag, and watch everything fall out—all the funny little ideas and thoughts and hopes and complexes—"

"I don't think I'd like that. I don't want to be just something belonging to you, like your cigarette lighter or your watch. I want to go on being myself."

He didn't answer at once. Then he said, with an humbleness in his tone that made her turn around in surprise, "I know. I want too much. I'm warning you against myself. Hold

something back, Norrie, some of your secrets, your own self, because I'll take all I can get. I'm insatiable."

She said gently, a little embarrassed at his seriousness, "I was just thinking perhaps my stuffy room won't be a very exciting place to see in the New Year."

"Ah, Norrie." His voice was raw, as though she had really hurt him. "And I'd been thinking that being alone with you was all the excitement I could ask for! Besides, I haven't given you your present yet."

"My present! I thought you'd forgotten it."

He laughed with pleasure. "It's been burning a hole in my pocket for hours."

She relaxed a little and let her hand fall into his. And after a moment that exquisite forgetting came again, shutting out everything but his hand's warmth and his voice, so that she no longer cared where they were going.

SHE heard the telephone ringing in her apartment when they were still in the corridor, and she began to run ahead of Arnold, her fingers already fumbling in her handbag for the key. It had been ringing for several seconds—she knew that, and she knew it was some trouble about Denny.

And then a moment later she was hearing Denny's voice, thin, piping, but unmistakable. Norrie drew a long, trembling sigh.

"Mama?"

"Yes, darling, I'm here. What is it? Why are you calling?"

"Mama—I'm not at the school. I'm here at a hotel. They got some sick kids at the school and Mr. Fordham didn't want me to be there. He brought me to the hotel. He said he'd call you up. Didn't he, mama?"

Her throat felt dry with guilt. "Yes, dear, yes—I'm sure he's called me. I was away. Listen, Denny. Is there any one with you now? Mr. Fordham or—any one? What hotel is it?"

"It's the St. John Hotel. There's a man here that owns it, and he got the number for me, but he had to go away somewhere. Those kids have got the flu, mama, and Mr. Fordham was afraid I'd catch it. He's not going to start school till they get all right. I'd like to go home now. It's lonesome here."

"Darling, I'll get there just as fast as I can! The St. John Hotel. . . Yes, I know. It's late. You try to go to sleep. When you wake up I'll be there to bring you home."

She set down the telephone and looked up into Arnold's face. She said with a quiet fury: "Now you know. You despise me, don't you?"

I'm glad—that makes us even. Because I despise you, too. You made me do this—to my own child! Because you were so jealous and possessive, you couldn't bear for me ever to have had any life before I met you. Well, Denny was my life before, and he will be again—long after you're out of it!"

They were silent, staring at each other, with the words she had just spoken loud between them. Then he sank down on the couch, not looking at her, his hands dangling loosely between his knees. He said in a clipped, curt voice, "All right. Let's have the story. Get it over with."

Her chin lifted. "I've been married and divorced and I have a child. Is that a crime? Have I neglected you for him? I sent him back to school to get him out of your way, and the headmaster called to tell me the school was not opening because of an epidemic. I never received the call. Why? Because I was with you! Now I find my child needs me, and I'm going to him—because, oddly enough, he means as much to me as you do. That's my crime. That's how I've killed your beautiful dream!"

HE said dryly, "Hush—you're getting excited. No, Norrie. If you've killed any dreams, it's my fault. People who let their dreams run around loose should expect something to happen to them. I fell in love with a girl who didn't exist. Of course you might have saved me the trouble if you'd told me the truth in the beginning. Why didn't you?"

"I couldn't. It didn't seem important at first—and then it was too important." She added almost under her breath, "I was afraid of losing you."

He gave a short, harsh laugh. "And now you tell me to get out of your life. Do you still expect me to believe I mean so much to you?"

She said unsteadily, "Did you ever hear of pride? You can throw away a lot for that."

"Yes," he said, "I've heard of pride. That's my trouble. Some men can take it gracefully, perhaps—second place in a woman's life—but I'm not one of them." A quarter minute ticked by before he stood up. "Well, I won't keep you. I know how anxious you are to get away. Let me call the station. What's the name of this place you're going?"

She told him, and stood silent and miserable while he inquired about trains. There was a local leaving in thirty-five minutes, and in something over an hour an express arriving in Stamford only a few minutes later.

She picked up her handbag. "I'd rather not wait for the express."

"Naturally," Arnold agreed, holding her coat for her. "I can see that it has become almost as necessary to get away from me as it is to get to your son."

As they stepped out of the apartment building into the cold street, she said, her voice blurred, "Why do you torture me, Arnold? Is this your way of getting even?"

He whistled for the cab on the corner. "We torture each other. It's the surest sign of love."

There was time at the station, after she had bought her ticket, to get Mr. Fordham on the phone. He was very relieved. He hadn't liked leaving the boy alone at the

desk. The night clerk informed her that the manager, Mr. Fordham's friend, was in the supper room with some guests, and that the boy was in Room 28 on the second floor.

Walking down the second-floor corridor looking for Room 28, she was aware of the slow, painful beating of her heart. She had tried so hard to hold on to them both—and she had failed Denny as well as Arnold. In different ways, this evening was to have meant so much to each of them, and each had been let down.

The door of Room 28 was ajar and a faint light came from it. She pushed it open and went in, walking soundlessly on the carpeted floor.



hotel, but his own house was full—the parents of one of the sick boys were staying there—and he hadn't liked risking the chance of infection at the school.

Too bad, he concluded smoothly, that the housekeeper had, not informed her of conditions, or that she—Norrie—had not waited to talk to a more responsible person before putting the child on the train.

She left the phone booth with burning cheeks, and walked restlessly around the great station. She told herself stubbornly that Arnold would not follow her, that there was nothing left to be said between them.

Yet she waited until the last possible moment before getting on her train, but she didn't see him.

AN hour later she got out into a black, whipping wind and walked the few blocks to the hotel. She knew the place—she had stayed overnight here when she had first brought Denny to the school in September. It was a quiet family hotel on a side street. But tonight there was an air of festivity about it, hooded lights and the faint sound of music, that surprised her until she remembered that this was New Year's Eve. In the dim light of a street light she looked at her watch. Eleven thirty! So she and Denny would see the New Year in together, after all.

She went in, and straight to the

The bed lamp was burning, and Denny was lying across the bed in his underwear, half covered. His suitcases were standing unopened in a corner. Somebody had given him some comic magazines, and they were lying on the floor by the bed where they had fallen.

He must have been sleeping very lightly, because, almost as soon as she bent over him, he sat up.

"Mama—you're here! You came in time for the party, didn't you?" His voice was husky with sleep but still held remembered excitement.

"Yes, baby, I'm here, and I'm going to sleep right over in that other bed. And tomorrow we'll go home."

He said anxiously, "But don't you remember the New Year's party? I told the hotel man you'd get here for it, and he said if you did we must both come downstairs."

"Oh, Denny, it's so late. I'm afraid they'd think I was a terrible mother to bring a little boy downstairs at midnight!"

He was bouncing up and down now in eagerness to convince her. "But the hotel man said for you to. There's going to be a party, with whistles and balloons and everything!"

She gave in. "Well, get up and get dressed, then. It's only twelve minutes to midnight now, and we mustn't stay long."

He piled into his clothes. Out in the hall he tucked his hand into hers.

"It's going to be just like you said, isn't it, mama? Even if all the other people are around, it'll be our own party, won't it—just for us?"

Her heart contracted. "Just for us, Denny."

They didn't bother with the elevator. They found the stairs and started down. And from the halfway landing she saw Arnold. She thought, *It's true—he can't leave me any more than I can leave him.* He was standing by the desk, waiting to speak to the clerk, his fingers drumming impatiently, his dark head lowered. Then, as though he felt her presence, he turned and saw her. They met at the foot of the staircase.

She couldn't quite keep the flooding warmth out of her voice.

"Arnold! How did you get here?"

"I took the express. I got in just a few minutes after you."

She became aware of Denny standing very still between them, and her hand tightened on his. "Denny, remember once I told you about a soldier I knew? Here he is, darling. He's come to see us."

She felt the child stiffen. He was staring at Arnold, his small face definitely hostile.

"I thought we were going to have a party just for us, mama."

She glanced at Arnold. He was looking at the boy, dark quizzical brows drawn together. And she knew suddenly that not until this moment had Arnold thought of Denny as a person in his own right. Denny had been only a symbol of a shadowy past that he hated.

And now, strangely, it was Denny's own antagonism that opened Arnold's eyes to him as a human being. Denny had feelings, too. To Denny,

Arnold was the intruder—the unwanted one! Norrie could see the effort Arnold put into his reply:

"I'm sorry, son. I didn't mean to get in your way."

The two stood looking at each other. For the moment, neither of them was aware of Norrie. Some subtle feeling was being built up between them, so delicately balanced that it could be turned either way.

And then she felt the miracle. The boy's hand relaxed in hers and bitterness went out of him.

"Well—O. K. I guess maybe it'll be more like a party if you're there too."

The smile that he turned up to Arnold was generous, without reservation. Arnold felt it, too. It was a smile that called for an answer. She held herself taut, waiting for that answer.

"That's swell of you. That's what I call hospitality."

It was as though a window had been opened and freshness stirred around them.

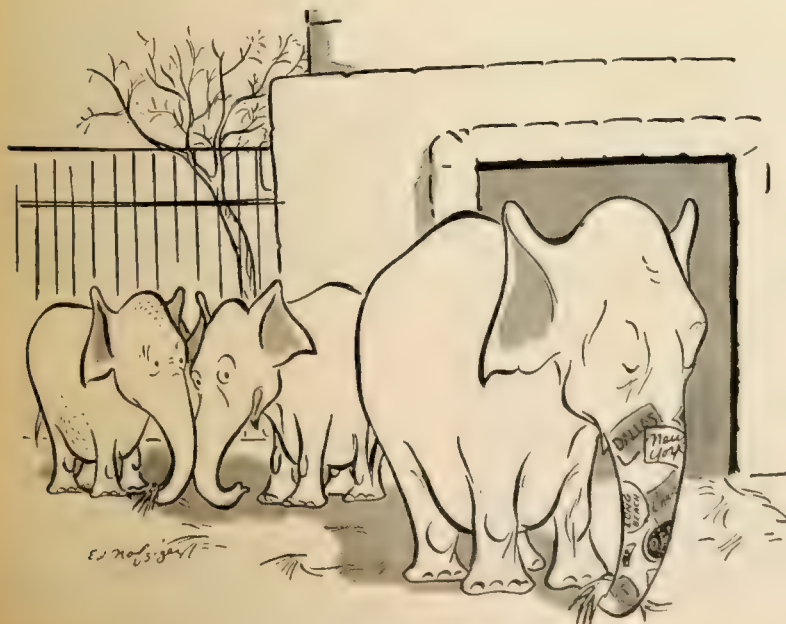
Norrie said, "It's two minutes to twelve. Let's go in and get a table."

THE three of them sat in the soft-lighted little supper room. Five couples moved dreamily over the floor and music flowed around them like water.

"I've been waiting all evening for this moment," Arnold said. "I've got a present for your mother, and I want to see if she likes it."

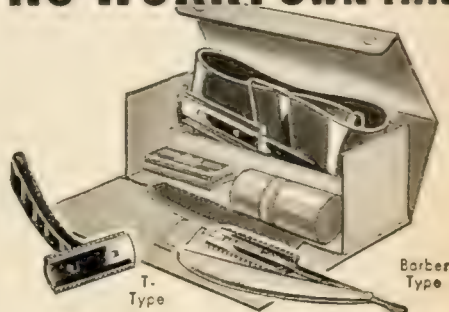
He felt in his pocket and handed her a small square package. They both watched her with faint, absorbed smiles while she opened the box and took out the ring.

THE END



"She's very widely traveled. Get the labels on her trunk?"

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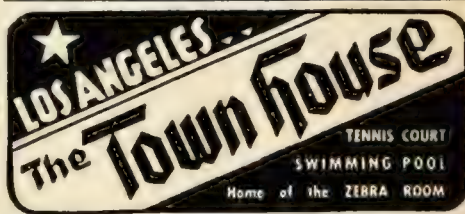
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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

PITTSBURGH



Cash Evans (Randolph Scott) and Josie Winters (Marlene Dietrich) stage a rescue in a coal mine and meet for the second time.



Pitt Markham (John Wayne) tells Doc (Frank Craven) that his experiments on sulfa drugs must give way to commercial work.



Pitt and Cash call a truce, with Josie as mediator, and pledge themselves to put everything they have into working for victory.

THE starring team of Marlene Dietrich, Randolph Scott, and John Wayne, last seen in *The Spoilers*, is together again in this lusty melodramatic story of a mining town. *Pittsburgh* not only has plenty of action and a romantic triangle, but also carries a definite message for the war worker and the country as a whole in these days of all-out production drives.

The message is simply that nothing—personal feuds, supposedly unconquerable problems, or anything else—can stand in the way of turning out material for our armies. It is effective propaganda for the war effort and good entertainment, too.

The story concerns itself with two miners, "Pitt" Markham (John Wayne) and "Cash" Evans (Randolph Scott) who are not quite resigned to a life of digging "black diamonds." Pitt is the mercurial half of the team, short-tempered, hasty, thoughtless. Cash, just as anxious to get out, is more cautious.

A mine cave-in brings them together with Josie Winters (Marlene Dietrich), the daughter of a mine worker who had been killed in an explosion. She provides the romantic incentive for the boys to get out of the mines and into the coal business for themselves.

The story of their rise to power and Pitt's conversion to a hard, shrewd, money-hungry boss provides some good acting opportunities for the cast and a few mighty tense moments for the audience.

Frank Craven, repeating his now familiar routine as the film's narrator—which he did originally in *Our Town*—gives a fine portrayal of Doc, whose curiosity about the possible derivatives of coal tar leads to important discoveries on plastics and sulfa drugs—and perhaps even the solution to synthetic rubber.

Pittsburgh has a few slow spots, but generally there is lots of action, with Scott and Wayne staging a minor repetition of their bang-up fight in *The Spoilers*.

For a change, Marlene Dietrich isn't a bedizened hussy. Her part is a straight one, giving her a chance to do some honest acting. Her Josie is restrained and believable.

All in all, *Pittsburgh* is sure to please because it has action, romance, suspense, and a simple, sincere patriotic message to deliver.

(Universal.)



LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY

NUNNALLY JOHNSON has turned Emlyn Williams' play, Yesterday's Magic, into a pleasing picture in which well written dialogue, tight direction, and acting take the curse off a lack of originality in plot.

Monty Woolley, as a broken-down actor, has as neat a collection of tart retorts as slipped through his beard in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Ida Lupino, as his crippled daughter, turns in her usual fine and sensitive performance.

(20th Century-Fox.)



PALM BEACH STORY

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Joel McCrea, in this new Preston Sturges comedy, make the best of a sketchy story that is saved by spicy situations and dialogue.

Confusion runs rampant when Gerry (Colbert) deserts her unsuccessful husband (McCrea) to marry a rich man (Rudy Vallee) who will help her ex-spouse. Add a much married princess (Mary Astor) seeking an eighth husband and an amusing light comedy is the result. (Paramount.)

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

A harvest of praise is coming in for "Random Harvest".

This Hall of Fame picture is now playing at New York's Radio City Music Hall and is due to reach the country on the crest of an M-G-M wave in the Miniver manner.

What a job the movies are doing for the national morale. Lieutenant General Dwight Eisenhower cables from Africa:

"Motion pictures are of the utmost importance to provide entertainment and build up the morale. Newsreels are specially of tremendous value providing for the soldiers the means of keeping up with their friends in other theatres of war and with their families at home. The stories and the sets in the feature productions bring their home country vividly to their memories. Let's have more motion pictures."

And anyone in the Navy as well as anyone out of it will stand up and cheer for "Stand By For Action". This is a screen play based on the story you may have read in Reader's Digest entitled "Cargo of Innocence".



Three Big Guns are the stars: Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy.

Nor must we (and who will ever?) forget the performance of Walter Brennan.

Old Reliable Robert Z. Leonard directed. The "Z" stands for Zenith. This is that of his career.

"Stand By For Action" is a mighty picture of the battle-wagons in the Pacific. It is a thrill.

This is a preliminary to the ushering in of the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn opus "Keeper of The Flame".



How many of you have read I. A. R. Wylie's book? The picture is based on it and was photodramatized by Donald Ogden Stewart.

"Keeper of The Flame" is different from any picture you have ever seen.

George Cukor, now a private in the army, is the director. Of the many great pictures which he has made this is probably his best work.

Those horns we hear echo the Happy New Year's Roar

from Lea



DO YOU FIT YOUR JOB?

Continued from Page 17

found that men of the solitary-worker type had twice as many complaints lodged against them, and that 75 per cent of their decisions were reversed by the reviewing committee. None of these solitary-working men should ever have been made foremen. Yet their excellence at their lathes and benches had misled the employer into believing that they would be equally good at any job.

TO find out whether a man works well with people, a list of 150 words is read to the client, with a pause after each one for him to speak the first word that pops into his head. Fifty-six of the words are key words. To the word "cat," a sociable man will answer "dog" or "kitten"; the solitary type will answer with the name or color of a particular cat. Good salesmen are sociable to a high degree; scholars, laboratory workers, and many factory men are of the other type—they prefer to depend on nobody but themselves for the accomplishment of a job.

The man who rates high in "creative imagination"—which means getting a great many ideas very fast—makes a bad executive. He is always sending through orders to change the system on Wednesday from the method he introduced on Monday, and his company is in a constant uproar. The good executive is never one-sided—indeed, he usually makes a mediocre score on most of the tests. Three business men whose names are household words have been tested at the Laboratory and found to score below average in every inborn trait! *But they all scored far above the average in the size of their vocabularies.*

How recently have you looked up a word in the dictionary? The exact knowledge of words and their meanings seems to go hand in hand with big money-making to an almost uncanny degree.

Vocabulary is tested this way: You are given a list of words, scientifically arranged in order of difficulty, with four possible synonyms after each of them, and are told to underline the one which comes closest in meaning. You will know practically all the words down to a certain point; from there on you will know practically none, for that is the border of your vocabulary. A man who doesn't know the meaning of "glabrous" probably won't know "polity" either, for they come close together in order of difficulty.

Outstandingly successful men in

every line have very large vocabularies, regardless of their education. Major executives score higher than writers, editors, or professors of English. A few years ago Johnson O'Connor was asked to give his vocabulary test to a group of guests at a dinner. Before he began his host drew him aside and said, "On second thought, we'd better not spring this. Jim Brown is here. He's the president of a big company, but he left school at the age of ten. Your long words will be Greek to him."

"We'll let him take his chances," said Mr. O'Connor.

When the tests were completed, the other guests—all college graduates—had made an average of thirteen mistakes. The unlettered Mr. Brown had made just two! Why? He didn't know. When asked how he knew the meaning of one difficult word, he said, "I once saw it in a newspaper, and looked it up."

It is encouraging to know that the

DAY-BEFORE-PAYDAY LOVE SONG

We are on our way to heaven.

All our worries now are past.

I will pick you up at seven.

Here we are! A loan at last!

—EVELYNE LOVE COOPER.

one trait tested in which you can improve without limit is the one quality which seems to lead straight to the top. Vocabularies can be increased by looking up every unfamiliar word in the dictionary, or by using a good vocabulary builder—Johnson O'Connor himself has written one of these.

Is there any other characteristic shared by the many men of outstanding success? Yes. These men are, each of them, trying to solve some single problem of so vast a scope that one lifetime can never bring the answer. Big money earners, Mr. O'Connor believes, look on their earnings as pleasant by-products of their work, but the incentive that drives them on is never money.

One highly successful advertising executive admits that his real purpose has been to raise the general standard of living by creating an ever wider demand for luxuries, and so bringing down their price. Another hopes, through a vast cheap food industry, to make America healthier.

Sometimes a hobby seems to offer the best solution to a miscast man.

An accountant bored with his

work was tested and found to possess exceptional mechanical ability. On week-ends he drove into the country according to routes worked out to a strict time schedule. It wasn't the scenery but the efficiency of the routing which interested him.

The experts suggested that this traffic demon spend the next few Sundays charting the flow of cars past a bad congestion point. He did this, and drew up a plan for relieving the jam, which he forwarded to the state traffic authorities. They offered him a fee for studies of other corners. He worked up a nice side business out of his hobby and was finally able to switch over entirely to the more congenial field.

Every case demands its own solution. No expert can analyze a job problem by mail. Tests must be given before Mr. O'Connor or his helpers diagnose a man's problem. The Human Engineering Laboratory has branches in Boston; at the Stevens Institute of Hoboken, New Jersey; and in Chicago, Illinois.

Though not every one can at present have the advantage of these tests, we can sometimes guess our aptitudes correctly and fit ourselves into work we like, instead of tackling jobs that are clearly not for us. Did you like school work and get high marks in spelling and arithmetic? Does your checkbook usually balance?

Then the chances are that you have good "accounting aptitude," you're handy with a pencil.

Do you like to make things with your hands?

You probably possess a mechanical bent.

Have you a great many acquaintances? Do you enjoy being on committees?

It is likely that you are the kind who shouldn't work alone.

HERE is Johnson O'Connor's three-point program for contentment and success in the job:

1. Build your career around your own aptitudes.

2. Increase your vocabulary.

3. Set yourself a problem so large that one lifetime will not be long enough to solve it.

There are very few men and women so deeply involved in uncongenial jobs that they cannot apply these rules today—when vacancies are opening up in many lines, when war industries offer nearly every type of work. This is the time, of all times in our generation, for men and women to leave the job into which they have merely drifted for work in which they will find real contentment and success.

THE END



"Peekaboo—I see you!"

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT—Continued from Page 25

Neddy was shaking him awake to pandemonium in the dawn. The yelling he had heard was Marion's famous war whoop as he charged with a flailing sword on sleepy British sentries, followed by his crew of noisy warriors. They had heard of Gates' defeat, and moved promptly to intercept the British guard with its contingent of prisoners bound for Charleston.

Taken entirely by surprise, the guard defended itself fiercely in hot hand-to-hand fighting, in which the prisoners soon joined with whatever weapons they could lay hold of. Neddy, with a bloodstained bandage round his head, sailed as usual into the thick of it, and seized the flying halter of a loose horse which a British sergeant carrying a bayoneted musket was trying to catch.

"Here you are, laddie!" Neddy called to Julian. "Up on his back and ride like the devil! I'll get me another and be with you in no time—"

The bayonet ran him through. He gasped and hung on it, and when it was withdrawn he fell without a sound beneath the horse's feet, and the sergeant mounted. Still groggy with sleep and fever, Julian hurled himself bodily at the man on the horse and dragged him down, and they rolled together on the ground.

The sling of the musket caught on a jagged rock and jerked it out of the sergeant's hand. Julian recovered it by a lucky twist of his body which put him on top of it, fought for it savagely, edged it slowly out from under him, and struggled to his knees still gripping it.

The sergeant grabbed out his pistol just too late. Julian lunged at short range, his body behind it, for his arms had no strength left. The sergeant yelled once and then lay still.

Julian left the musket where it was and crawled to Neddy, but there was nothing that could be done for him. Julian crouched above him, sick and shaking and sobbing for breath in his weakness. Neddy's eyes came open, and knew him.

"Did ya get him?" he asked faintly.

"I got him," said Julian, and Neddy grinned his crooked canine grin—and died.

The fight was nearly over and the British were in flight, leaving their dead behind them. Some one came and carried Neddy away. Julian started to follow, leading the sergeant's horse; but a wave of faintness overcame him, and when he rallied, the business of sorting out the prisoners taken and the prisoners rescued was going forward

briskly. Some of the Continentals elected to join Marion's corps and were given British horses and equipment. Others preferred an escort to the Carolina border, with the chance of getting home or rejoining their old regiments.

"And you, my lad—what's your choice?" It was Horry, who had been for a time aide to de Kalb. He swung his horse up beside where Julian clung to his own mount's mane, fighting dizziness and nausea.

"Well, I'm afraid I'm not much good just now—" Julian gasped. "But I'd like to come with you."

"Steady, then," said Horry kindly. "You'll have to do some riding yet. But I reckon we can find you a saddle hereabouts."

Some one led the horse, finally, while Julian clung to the pommel with both hands, nor knowing or caring that he was being carried deeper into the swamp along a track which only Marion's men could find. At last they laid him in the bottom of a boat, and the smooth motion along the still, narrow waterways was heaven after the horse.

At last the boat's nose bumped and grounded, and some one jerked it higher. He smelled the smudge pots of a camp, and was helped ashore by kind hands, and all was darkness and a beautiful oblivion.

THEY had brought him to Snow's Island in the midst of the Peedee swamp—dry high land covered with magnificent moss-draped trees, a natural sanctuary for the hunted. There were deep canebrakes and swamp at the edges of the island, and patches of Indian corn which were tended by the convalescents. Here Marion had established his secret headquarters, arms depot, and hospital, always strongly garrisoned, but almost impossible for an outsider to find. Prisoners or visitors were brought in blindfolded, as though the winding cypress aisles were not confusing enough. Marion never encumbered himself long with prisoners; they were either paroled or exchanged.

In securing this fortress Marion had commandeered all the boats in the neighborhood and destroyed all those he did not need. His men had cut away the bridges, preferring unmarked fords, and felled timber across pathways that ran too near. It was a moated keep, with lookout posts in the tree towers, manned by sleepless riflemen. The smudge pots against the mosquitoes were never allowed to go out. There were few tents, but sailcloth stretched between trees gave some shelter from the sun and rain. The horses grazed with their saddles on and the bits

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (*Unabashed*)



SWIGWAM: A tepee with a bar.

CAFFIEND: A coffee addict.

NEWSPAUPER: A daily with very little news.

COLORAZURA: A blues singer at the Metropolitan.

SIESTAURANT: A Mexican hot-tamale palace.

LULLABOO: A song that will scare your baby to sleep.

STRIPULATION: A clause in Gypsy Rose Lee's contract.

PURRGATORY: Where naughty little kittens go.

DEBUTANTRUM: What a society girl goes into sometimes.

AMBIDEXTROSE: Being able to eat either granulated or lump sugar.

[Contributors to this week's Fictionary in order of words listed are: J. M. S.; G. D. W.; R. D. C.; K. B.; M. T.; J. G. D.; R. V.; H. L.; J. K.; P. C. In duplication of accepted words, the first to reach us is the one paid for and used.]

hung round their necks, their owners' swords and pistol belts suspended from branches above them.

Here Julian lay for weeks, alternating between delirium and stupor. There was no surgeon, and medical care, while painstaking, was amateur.

It fascinated these simple woodsmen that in delirium Julian could speak languages other than English. They would gather in respectful twos and threes under his sailcloth canopy and try to guess which one it was: "That's French, that is!" "Was that Greek, or what?"

Marion would come and look down at him, and shake his head in his noncommittal way. "An educated man," he said to Horry one day, with a sort of awe. "I have written to Hillsborough for the loan of a surgeon. I wish we knew who he is."

"I never saw him when I was with that baron feller," said Horry. "Could have come down with Gates, maybe—"

"If he lives," said Marion, "we'll have to send him back up North. He don't belong here."

"That feller can fight. Dead on his feet, but he wasn't lettin' his friend go to glory without company. That's guts. We can use him!"

"He don't belong here," said Marion, closing it.

IT was a strange, illogical friendship which grew up between himself and Marion during Julian's long convalescence. Each embodied some-

thing for which the other entertained respect amounting to envy. Marion's admiration for scholarship and long straight limbs matched Julian's schoolboy worship of a born fighting man. They discoursed for hours together, the small, limping, taciturn guerrilla general and the shy, deep-thinking schoolmaster, and each found in the other's society an abiding satisfaction.

Marion wanted to hear about Europe no less than about Williamsburg, which was to him almost as remote. He spoke with a certain pride of his own Huguenot forebears, and of his one ill-fated West Indian voyage and shipwreck as a boy. Julian could see that here was a man as great in his way as the towering Washington, and strove patiently to get him to reveal himself to a sympathetic listener. He sensed Marion's immense loneliness in the task he had set himself, and wondered at the terrific latent power in the solitary little man's lean frame. Marion, on his side, was puzzled that so fine a lad, possessing all the conceivable attractions for women, should be so alone in the world, with apparently no one to care what became of him.

Meanwhile the life of the camp went on as usual.

From here Marion's men went out in small mobile parties to break up enemy supply trains and prisoner convoys, to terrorize the undisciplined Tories and prevent them from

organizing. His troops, which rarely numbered more than sixty at a time and consisted largely of neighbors and friends, served without pay. His scouts were both patrols and spies, picking up prisoners, information, and booty. They hid in treetops above enemy encampments, and carried off tethered horses and drowsy sentries to exhibit as trophies. They had to be superb horsemen, dead shots with rifle or a fowling piece, firing from the saddle as efficiently as from the ground. And they had to be able to take their direction from the stars, the sun, the bark of trees, and other natural woodsmen's guides.

On forays Marion lived on cold potatoes and drank cold water, and expected his men to subsist on the same. In camp they had roast sweet potatoes and hominy, sometimes a rough hoeecake, rarely some lean meat or game. They had salt only when they captured it from the British commissariat. They drank "water weakened with vinegar," which was Marion's chosen beverage.

His steadfast rule was always to know his enemy's strength and positions ahead of his attack, which was often ambush and always surprise. He taught his men to make themselves invisible, like Indians. "Take trees!" was a frequent order. And "No quarter for Tories!" and "Mark the epaulet men!"—meaning get the officers—were often heard.

He would disappear from camp for days at a time with a few followers, and return unheralded bringing welcome booty or lacking two or three men. He would be greeted with satisfaction by those who had remained in the camp, and when he had retired to his tent the rest would gather round for stories of the raid.

EARLY in December, Marion received a reply to his request for a surgeon from Hillsborough in the form of a letter delivered by his Captain Melton, who returned full of news. Marion sent for Julian to hear it, and Horry and some of the others gathered round.

The letter was from General Greene, who had arrived at Charlotte to replace Gates in command of the southern army.

"Good!" said Julian in relief. "Now you'll see a change—if it's not too late. I had a friend at Brandywine. He says Greene is the next best man to Washington."

"I would have said so myself," said Melton, and a wary sort of hope showed in the gaunt faces which turned toward him as he spoke. "Best man I've seen, bar one." And his eyes went to his leader.

"My friend at Brandywine knew nothing of that one," Julian smiled.

"He says we are to go on here as we are until further notice," said Marion, his eyes on the letter. "He says: 'It is of the highest importance that I get the earliest information of any reinforcements which may arrive at Charleston or leave the town to join Lord Cornwallis. I wish you, therefore, to fix some plan for procuring such information, and for conveying it to me with all possible dispatch. . . .' It seems to be written in his own hand," Marion added.

"He's got no secretary, likely, to write it for him," said Melton. "They are mighty understaffed, and all of the officers work twenty-four hours a day almost."

MARION asked Julian to stay after the others had left.

"Mr. Day," he said, when they were alone, "you heard what Melton said about General Greene needing a secretary."

"Yes, sir."

"You will ride north with Melton tomorrow and report to Greene for duty."

"But—I'd rather stay here, sir. I'll be fit for active duty soon—in fact, I am now, if you would only—"

"In an army that is properly run," Marion interrupted thoughtfully, "a good soldier does not express preferences to his commanding officer."

"I'm sorry, sir, but—"

"Nor does he say 'but' to an order."

Julian was silent.

"You are not fit for active duty as we perform it here—and you never will be." There was a silence, and Marion sighed and raised his head. His piercing eyes ran over Julian's splendid height, clothed now in rough homespun and broken boots but carried with an indefinable air. Marion's rare smile broke slowly. "In that army I was telling you about, that's run the way it should be, a good general doesn't indulge himself in friendships in the middle of a campaign. I shall miss—our talks, Mr. Day. But you start north with Melton in the morning."

"Very good, sir," said Julian stiffly.

"That is all, Mr. Day. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

But in the early morning, with Melton saddling up and a few silent men waiting round for awkward farewells, Julian sought Marion's tent again, and met the little general coming out.

"Good morning, sir. I—wanted to say good-by."

"I had the same idea," said Marion dryly. "You see, Mr. Day—" He hesitated and seemed to find it difficult. "You see, I do not need a secretary."

"I know," said Julian, smiling. "And I'm not much of a soldier—yet. I'm no good to you, sir—I can see

that. I only hope General Greene can find a use for me. I've—enjoyed myself here, sir. In that army you spoke about, is a rather second-rate soldier permitted to wish his commanding officer luck?"

Marion made a vague gesture of cleansing his right hand on the seat of his breeches before he held it out.

"I'm not one for speeches," he said, with an effort. "But God bless you, boy."

They were not to meet again.

Following the swampy track of the Peedee northward with Melton, Julian came early in January to Cheraw, where General Greene had moved for winter quarters.

He presented his credentials, and was put to work copying dispatches. He had had no idea of the secretarial work attached to the army at headquarters. Several copies of each letter had to be made, sometimes in order that it might have the benefit of two separate post bags in the hope of getting one of them through; sometimes in order that more than one superior or subordinate might know what had been said to the others; sometimes to report progress or relay information in an endless chain. He wrote for hours at a stretch, thankful that his wound had not been in his right arm.

Cornwallis was wintering at Winnsboro, west of the Wateree. In order to worry him, Greene detached General Morgan with 300 troops and some cavalry to work the country west of the Wateree and the Catawba.

Before January was out Morgan sent back word that he had scored a decisive victory over Tarleton at the Cowpens, and taken 600 prisoners and considerable equipment. But—there was always a but to good news—Cornwallis was now within thirty miles of him with reinforcements, and he was therefore retreating at top speed eastward toward the upper Catawba fords with his spoils.

The camp at Cheraw drank Morgan's health in cherry bounce and had a *feu de joie*, and found itself under marching orders for Salisbury to the north, with all detachments called in and all stores to be collected and loaded. General Huger and Colonel Williams were to command the main army on this march. Greene himself set out across country, with only one aide and a sergeant's guard of dragoons, to meet Morgan in front of Cornwallis.

JULIAN had come up in the world now, and rode his own horse among the other members of General Huger's official family on the winter march northward along the Peedee. Before they reached Salisbury,

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Greene had joined Morgan and sent back an express with orders changing the rendezvous from Salisbury to Guilford Courthouse, as the retreat forced him ever eastward. On February eighth Morgan's army and Huger's were united. But there was no time to rest.

Greene could muster now about 2,000 men, including 500 militia and 200 cavalry. Cornwallis had something under 3,000, with 300 cavalry. Both armies were in bad condition from sickness, lack of wagon transport, and insufficient food, and both suffered from the weather.

Greene was determined to avoid an engagement in his present condition, and on the tenth he gave orders to press on northward—drawing Cornwallis always farther from his bases, crippling his communications, wearing out his drenched and bewildered regulars.

Virginia was Greene's source of supply, and was Whig in sentiment. Once across the River Dan, he could replenish his army and supplies from a friendly population hitherto free of depredations. By the middle of February Greene had won the race and his army was bivouacked on the far side of the Dan, from where they saw Cornwallis turn back harmlessly toward Hillsborough, where he raised the royal standard.

IN camp on Virginian soil, Julian was sorting out the contents of a newly arrived post bag when Greene erupted into the tent and fell upon his letters.

"What in the name of the Almighty is this I hear about Arnold?" he demanded, scrabbling at the seals.

"Arnold, sir? He got away to the British at West Point."

"That is not news, Mr. Day! But Arnold in Virginia—that wants looking into! Ah, here we are—letter from Governor Jefferson!"

Julian waited with only a pretense of occupying himself while the general read with deliberation and sounds of annoyance the letter from Jefferson. Then he waited while the general expressed himself at some length on the black treasonous soul of Benedict Arnold.

"The fellow has burned Richmond! Sailed up the James with a flotilla full of Loyalists and regulars like a pirate, and burned the capital because it wouldn't surrender!"

"Williamsburg?" said Julian, and his tongue was dry. "What happened at Williamsburg?"

"Nothing, so far as I know. Arnold has gone back down the river and begun to fortify Portsmouth while he awaits reinforcements from New York. There is a price on his head. And while I don't want the money—

as God is my witness, I wouldn't take the money, but what wouldn't I give just for the chance to take Arnold's head!"

"Are we going after it, sir?" asked Julian hopefully, and the blood-thirsty ex-Quaker general rose and walked about the narrow tent in an agony of decision and renunciation.

"Lead me not into temptation! Cornwallis is my pigeon. I cannot turn my back on Cornwallis now. God give me strength," prayed Nathanael Greene, whose boyhood piety of phrase had not left him when he was read out of meeting for joining the army—"God give me strength to hew to the line here, where my duty lies! And, at the same time, may God bring the sinner Arnold to a meet and terrible end!"

JULIAN said no more. But it was an odd sensation to find himself here, in an army bivouac with the surging Dan between himself and the enemy, while behind him the particular spot he was fighting to protect lay defenseless in the path of destruction. There was the militia, of course—but the militia had not prevented the burning of Richmond. He thought of Aunt Anabel and, for the thousandth time, of St. John and what might have become of him after that brief glimpse at Camden. All his inquiries among the officers who had gathered at Charlotte and Hillsborough after the battle had failed to yield any word of St. John beyond the obvious fact that he was not among them. And he thought of Tibby, frightened, robbed, or bullied by the soldiery. When he thought of Regina, he hardened his heart. Regina would welcome the British as friends and deliverers and nothing unpleasant would happen to her.

The army went on the march again, southward across the Dan. The American army slept on the night of March fourteenth on the ground near Guilford Courthouse which Greene had selected as a battlefield. Headquarters were at the Courthouse itself. The veteran Maryland troops under Williams and Huger lay near by at the brink of the ravine, forming the reserve. Four hundred yards in front, in second-growth oak forest, Stevens and Lawson with the Virginia militia flanked the road on either side. And three hundred yards in front of them, facing a cornfield and sheltered by fences, the first line consisted of Carolina riflemen under Butler and Eaton. Lee's cavalry legion was posted on their left, and Colonel William Washington's cavalry had the right. There were only four pieces of artillery, two in the front line, two in the rear near the Courthouse.

The morning broke bright and fresh and Lee went forward cautiously to reconnoiter. A courier came in from him at full speed to say that the British van was marching along the Salisbury road.

About noon the first firing was heard, as Lee and Tarleton made contact. Soon after that the British appeared down the road, their scarlet coats and polished brass a beautiful sight in the sun. Sitting his horse in the group surrounding Greene on the high land above the ravine, Julian wondered a little at the almost Olympian detachment his position imparted, and knew a twinge of real compassion for the poor devils down in the front line with their hearts twittering in their throats at first sight of the enemy.

Ignoring a sharp cannonade from Singleton's two pieces in the road in front of them, the British troops formed their line, moving in blocks like toy soldiers. Their artillery was replying now to Singleton.

Cornwallis had not the advantage this time, either in position or numbers, but he counted on the discipline and proved gallantry of his men for an easy victory. He had determined to go straight to the bayonet in the hope of panicking the raw troops opposed to him. Tensely the group near the Courthouse awaited the sound of the Carolinians' fire. Before it came the British paused to pour in a volley, and then charged with the blood-curdling yell and steady nerves which accompanied the bayonet. The Carolina troops flinched, wavered, and fled, throwing away weapons and equipment in a dash for the rear. William Washington and Lee came in with their cavalry on the British flanks and the Virginians in the second line kept up a steady fire.

GREENE, after cursing the Carolinians, rode confidently among the Continentals, exhorting them to stand ready for the final blow. But the British right came on inexorably, held together by discipline and the brave example of its officers. And now they met the Marylanders, who were disciplined too, but there were not enough of them.

It was British discipline and nerve which cast the decisive throw. Cornwallis opened his artillery on the conflict at close range, firing ruthlessly into his own men—the Guards and the Seventy-first—to check the advance of the Marylanders.

Julian, doing courier duty, came pelting back along the road, which was now a bleeding confusion of both armies under the British cannonade, in time to meet Greene riding full tilt into it. Greene's face was white with his un-Quakerish fury.

"That devil is firing into his own men!" he shouted as soon as he saw Julian. "What an army!" he marveled in a kind of awe. "What infernal discipline!"

"Stevens has a ball in his thigh, sir. They have turned our left flank and Tarleton is moving in!"

"Where's Lee?"

"Lee is gone, sir. I haven't seen him!"

"It's those damned raw troops they send me!" cried Greene, and turned his horse and rode without haste back toward the Courthouse. "It takes veterans to win a battle! Merciful heaven, he destroyed half his battalion, and they rallied and formed again! We shall have to retreat, but their losses must be terrible—terrible! Tell Williams to prepare to fall back to Reedy Fork. We must leave our wounded."

From the camp at Troublesome Creek, which he reached after a dreary night march through rain, he sent back a surgeon under a white flag to tend the American wounded. And to a return flag from Cornwallis demanding surrender he replied tersely, "I am prepared to sell you another field at the same price."

Cornwallis had been badly mauled and was retreating at top speed toward Wilmington. Regretfully Greene decided to let him go, and to turn his attention to Rawdon, who still held Camden, where Marion and Sumter could be of some assistance.

As Julian sat one evening at the rickety table in Greene's tent, where they labored together over the correspondence, a weary express rider arrived with a bag from Richmond. Eager as he was for news from Virginia, Julian forced himself to go on writing while Greene opened the letters.

"God be praised!" cried Greene suddenly. "Thank the Lord, from whom all blessings flow! Lafayette is coming South! To Virginia with an army to cook Arnold's goose! Mr. Day—will you write down a letter, please, to General Lafayette—"

WILLIAMSBURG dreamed on through the summer heat after Julian had left it. There was little news from the North until August, when St. John sent a letter to Francis Street from Richmond on his way South to de Kalb. No further word came from him, and the news of de Kalb's death was not reassuring. Julian seemed to have vanished into thin air on his way to Richmond. Had he too been with de Kalb? Aunt Anabel and Dorothea wondered.

At the end of December drums were beating the alarm from Yorktown to Richmond as a fleet of twenty-seven sail entered the Capes,

and Nelson called out the militia on the Neck while Jefferson prepared to evacuate all possible stores from Richmond. The British landed at Hampton, seized small craft, and began to ascend the James. Word ran ahead of them that they were led by the traitor Arnold, and included a regiment of Loyalist cavalry under Simcoe. Every effort was to be made to take Arnold alive.

The men of Williamsburg looked to their weapons, and the frightened militia drilled belatedly and took up cautious positions under hastily devised cover north and west of the city, as Arnold approached the tide-lapped ruins of Jamestown.

ON the third of January a small fishing boat piloted by a half-grown Negro boy slid into the landing on Queen's Creek and made fast. The boy crawled forward and knelt beside a man who lay collapsed against the gunwale.

"We done it, suh!" the boy announced with some pride, and shook the unresponsive shoulder of his passenger. "We slip through pretty

as you please. You better be gettin' home now, suh, before they ketch you in that uniform."

The man sat up dazedly. "Where are we?" he asked.

"Capitol Landing, suh, just where we was makin' for. Lemme help you out, suh."

"Yes, of course—must get home."

Hoisted unceremoniously onto the slippery mud which covered the bottom steps at low tide, he grasped the handrail and dragged himself upward, replying with a vague gesture to the boy's, "Take keer yourself, suh," as the boat cast off. His right leg was almost useless and would only bear his weight for a fraction of a second at a time. The dark blue coat of his uniform was torn and streaked with blood and dirt; he wore no shirt at all because it had long since gone for bandages; his boots were unspeakable; he had not had a shave for days.

He plodded on painfully across the muddy planks of the Landing and into the road which led toward town.

Tibby saw him from the window, and snatched up a shawl and ran



down the path to where he stood holding dizzily to the crazy fence in front of the cabin.

"You mustn't go into Williamsburg like that, sir!" she cried. "The British are at Jamestown!"

"Yes, I know—I—"

"Mr. Sprague!" Tibby came through the gate and laid supporting arms around his sagging body. "Oh, Mr. Sprague, I didn't know it was you! Come inside and lie down—"

With an effort he raised his head and focused on her face. "It's Tibby," he discovered with satisfaction. "What luck! I—wanted to see you. Tibby, where's Julian?"

"We don't know, sir. He left for Richmond to join the army after Charleston fell."

"Then it *was* Julian!" he said—and stood holding to the fence and striving for consciousness. "I didn't dream it—after. I saw him at Camden." He caught at her arm with a filthy hand. "Before God, Tibby, I had no choice—I had to leave him there—"

"At Camden?" There was white fierce terror in her face. "You left him—at Camden?"

"With de Kalb. He was wounded—he—" His eyes glazed. "Tibby, I've got to get home—"

"Yes, sir; I'll help you—"

"Run on ahead and fetch Joshua, will you? That's best. Please—run—"

SHE left him without a word, fleet-footed down the road, asking no more questions. After a moment he straightened again and began his limping progress in her wake, somehow keeping on his feet toward that blessed moment when Joshua's powerful black arms would bear him up.

He stopped. Two figures were coming along the Duke of Gloucester Street—two women—and he a sight to scare the birds from the trees.

Regina, accompanied by Lucinda, was on her way to the apothecary's shop, for the arrival of the British in the river had brought on one of her mother's headaches. . . .

"Look, Regina, there's another soldier just getting back. Won't they take him prisoner if they come? Oughtn't we to—"

"We'll ask the apothecary to look after him. He—*St. John!* Oh, my dear love—oh, St. John, thank God I've got you safe at last!"

It was Regina's voice, they were Regina's hands, Regina's arms were round him. Smiling, he slid into unconsciousness at her feet.

Will the British capture St. John? Can Regina, with her Tory sympathies, be trusted to protect him? There's drama in next week's chapter—and heartbreak, too.

ANSWERS TO 1942 QUIZ

ON PAGE 26

1. Oregon State, 20; Duke, 16. Lemon's one they don't play.

2. Whirlaway.

3. John Barrymore.

4. Admiral Ernest J. King, the Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet.

5. (a) Viacheslav Molotov, who flew from Moscow to see the President. (b) Winston Churchill. (c) A few German saboteurs who landed from a U-boat at Amagansett, Long Island, and were captured by Coxswain Jack Culley, U. S. C. G.

6. \$58,927,992,300.

7. Clark Gable, joined air force.

8. Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy, now a lieutenant colonel.

9. Senator Theodore Bilbo, Mississippi, leader of filibuster against poll-tax law repeal. Victor Mature, Hollywood star, now in armed forces. Major General George B. Patton, Jr., conqueror of Casablanca. Jane Anderson, traitorous American counterpart of Nazi short-waver Lord Haw-Haw.

10. The Burma Road, closed; the Alcan Highway, the new road to Alaska, opened; and Vice-President Wallace proposed a postwar road to run from South America, up through North America, to Alaska, then across Siberia into Europe to Paris.

11. All represent civilian restrictions: (a) salary ceiling. (b) your weekly sugar ration. (c) Temperature your house can be. (d) Congressman's favorite gas ration card. (e) Temporary gas ration card. (f) Unofficial beef ration per person. (g) Your coffee ration every five weeks.

12. Jack Newkirk, of Scarsdale, New York, ace of the Flying Tigers, killed in Burma.

13. Political, ethnic, educational, economic democracies, and democracy in the treatment of the sexes.

14. Shirley Temple.

15. Bout between Corporal Barrow, otherwise Joe Louis, and Private Billy Conn was nixed by Secretary Stimson.

16. Mrs. Eddie Rickenbacker, speaking of her wonderful husband when he was "lost."

17. (c) The army put up a camp on the former race track, canceled the yearly race meet.

18. That international diplomatic card sharp Franz von Papen.

19. They produce valuable oils and substances useful in the war effort. Milkweed makes a substitute for kapok in life belts.

20. Maria was no lady. She was a storm.

21. Pitcher Johnny Beazley, Out-

fielders Terry Moore and Enos Slaughter of the world's champion St. Louis baseball team.

22. It was the chemical substance derived from petroleum and alcohol from which synthetic rubber was made, after catalyzation.

23. Brent married Sheridan, Arch Leach (Cary Grant) married Babs Hutton. Sink Lewis was loosed by Dotty Thompson and forbidden to marry for two years. Thurkel Greenough married Fanatical Sally Rand. Art Hornblow and Myrna Loy unhooked, she marrying John Hertz, Jr. Joe Yule, Jr. (Mickey Rooney) married Ava Gardner. Lana Turner and Stephen Crane married.

24. Henry J. Kaiser's.

25. Willkie and Stalin, both wanting an immediate second front.

26. The Quints and Dr. Dafoe parted company, the parents getting their custody.

27. General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, fifty-five-year-old British Eighth Army leader who smashed Rommel. Winston Churchill, sixty-eight last November 30.

28. Vladivostok, about 650 miles from Japan.

29. Mythical airfield from where Doolittle bombed Japan.

30. A person with an infinite capacity for taking trains.

31. Reporters hailed Elmer Davis, new OWI head, thus, expecting better information about war's progress from him.

32. The aircraft carrier Lexington, sunk in the Battle of the Pacific.

33. Gandhi.

34. (c)

35. (a) Lieutenant Donald Mason radioed his famous report thusly. (b) MacArthur, on leaving the Philippines. (c) Senator George Norris, defeated for the Senate after forty years. (d) President Roosevelt, and guess whom he meant! (e) Larry MacPhail, when the Brooklyn Dodgers began to slip after leading the League all season.

36. Dragon.

37. Praise the Lord and Pass the Etc. Captain William A. Maguire, supposed to have cried it during Pearl Harbor when he manned a gun and shot at Japs.

38. Irving Berlin's *This Is the Army*.

39. It wasn't a man; it's a place on Madagascar the British captured.

40. Major (now Lieutenant) General Mark Clark. The money fell overboard when he was entering North Africa before the push. When he heard of it, Morgenthau laughed.

DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE



While rationing food items, how about limiting certain all-too-prevalent types of "bologna"?

This food-rationing business reminds us of the newlywed who found her love nest overrun with rats.

She went to her grocer and asked him what to do about it.

"Well," he said, "you might try rat biscuit."

"Buy rat biscuit for those nasty old rats?" she said indignantly. "I'll do nothing of the kind. They'll eat what we eat or go without!"

And if, as some pessimists assert, we are reverting to the apes, a postwar planting of coconut palms should help solve the housing and food problem.

War wages are like winnings at poker, with the United States Treasury instead of the good wife going through our pockets afterward.

Recently a metropolitan paper recorded a protest from Hollywood actors against the \$25,000 salary ceiling. Another dispatch in it mentioned the walkout of 1,800 workers in a war materials plant because of a nonsmoking rule, and a third reported that nine blind men who make life rafts and nets for the navy were blood donors at a Red Cross blood-plasma station, one of these sightless and uncomplaining patriots being awarded a silver badge as a third-time donor.

Commerce is always intertwined with war. In World War I the A. E. F., lacking heavy artillery, leased much of their heavy ordnance from the British. Among these monsters were the "nine-point-two" howitzers, largest mobile artillery at the front. The lease agreement was a curious thing: the rental charged was sufficiently high to pay for the entire cost of the gun. Moreover, when the war ended, the howitzers had to be returned to the British.

Yours truly (who set the elevation on one of these behemoths in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne engage-

ments) was much annoyed by this arrangement. It seemed like we were the victims of Allied cupidity—invited to help and charged for the privilege—until we noted, with mingled emotions, that these mighty guns bore the imprint of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation!

Note to Bethlehem: They were good guns.

True courage is the ability to overcome fear. Classic and humorous example is that of a British cavalry officer at Waterloo. In the height of the battle came a secret order by courier. He read it, and his knees shook. It meant certain death. To his mortification, as he mounted to the saddle, his knees still trembled uncontrollably. "Shake, damn you!" he cried in a rage. "You'd shake worse than that if you knew where we were really going!"

History's greatest single convoy transported the American Army and supplies to North Africa. It is said to have comprised more than 800 ships, including guarding warcraft. Total tonnage has not been revealed, but an average of 8,000 tons each, excluding destroyers, means that some 6,400,000 tons were set in motion and successfully reached the rendezvous.

It was an exploit involving incalculable detail of plan and performance, all carried out with faultless precision while Hitler's intuition slept.

By comparison with the North Africa flotilla, the Spanish Armada of nearly four centuries ago was a mere fishing fleet. Its 132 ships totaled 59,190 tons, which is considerably less than the single bulk of the fire-gutted Normandie.

Luck, seamanship, weather, and the Irish combined to annihilate the Armada.

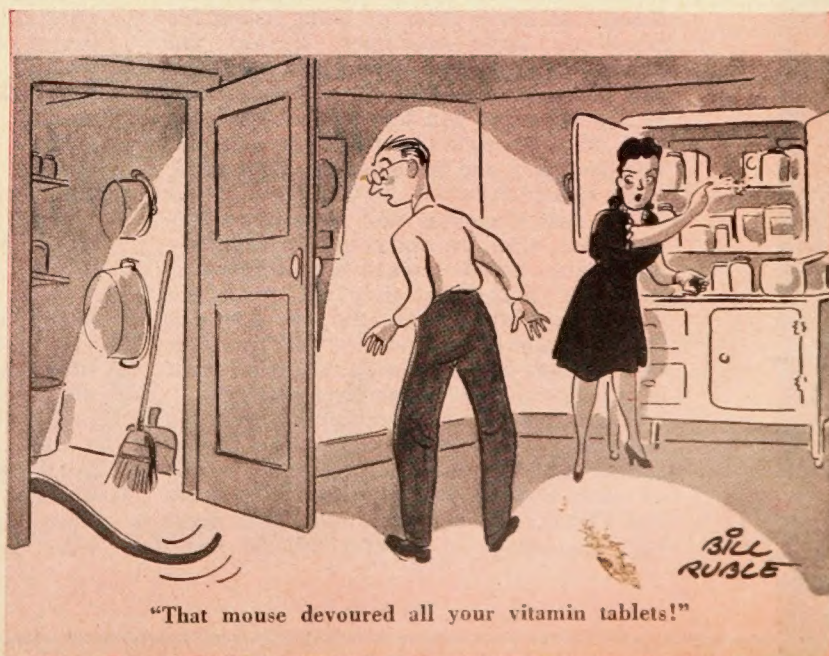
Scuttling homeward, north of the British Isles, foul weather drove remnants of Spain's "invincible" fleet upon the rocky coasts of Ireland. There, so quaint chroniclers of the times relate, the unfortunate castaways were welcomed by "barbarians of the region, who slew many with clubs and took others as slaves."

Which brings to mind a nostalgic thought, as this global war swirls around those same rocky shores. There are itching palms today among the "barbarians" of Eire. May they soon find clubs.

Those Solomon Island natives will be glad when this turmoil is over, so they can get back to a little peaceful head-hunting.

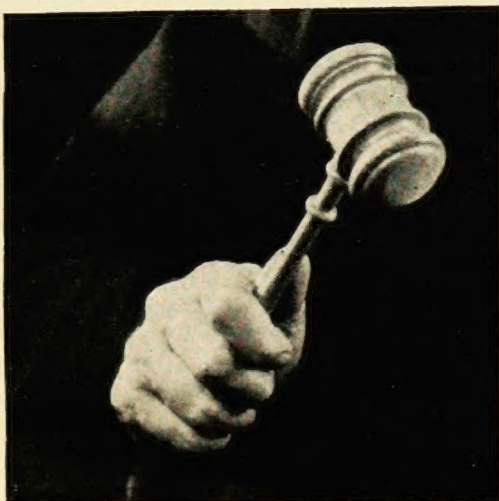
Let's picket them. The Nazis and Nips work sixty hours a week, with no overtime and no lay-offs, which is certainly an unfair way to fight a war of survival.

And that old cookbook recipe is still right in these meatless days: "First catch your hare."



"That mouse devoured all your vitamin tablets!"

THE NEW CONGRESS AND THE NEW WORLD



NEXT week our new Congress goes to work. If a national hour of silent meditation were set aside to honor the event, it would not be overstressing its importance. For seldom in the world's history has a deliberative body faced more awesome responsibilities. One ponders the future of this Congress with high hopes—and with some misgivings.

One hopes, for one thing, that the new Congress will show deeper faith in the people it represents than the last one did. We blush to recall how, all through last summer and fall, Congress stalled and backtracked, delaying matters vital to the war effort "until after elections," in the weird belief that the people would resent being told harsh facts, or being asked for small—or large—sacrifices. Surely the public exasperation with such behavior can leave no doubt of the determination of Americans to win this war at whatever cost. May the new Congress lay it on the line promptly and forthrightly, come good, come bad.

The new Congress will have more Republicans, who are not noted for their affectionate attitude toward the administration. One hopes that they will place the voters' mandate to fight the war and win the peace above any zeal to "get" the New Deal, which, in our opinion, is a dead duck as a political issue these days, anyway.

It will have fewer Democrats, and those remaining will no doubt be sobered by the recent reminder that there are just about as many Republicans in America as there are Democrats, and that they owe their past majorities to several million free-

swinging voters who can change the scene at the drop of a ballot.

One hopes for a little greater dignity in the new Congress—dignity of action and of thought. One hopes that the new congressmen will rigidly ration political horse-trading; that they will consider where their responsibilities to the locality or faction that elected them end, and those to the general welfare begin. As one of the few remaining elected assemblies of free peoples, they bear a heavy responsibility.

Fighting the war will very likely keep this new Congress busy for its tenure. It may be charged with the even greater challenge of winning the peace.

After the last war Congress played partisan politics with the peace program. America withdrew into a shell of "normalcy" and let the rest of the world go hang. There followed an insane boom, a catastrophic depression, and finally a Fascist attack. After this war, Americans want no more hard times and no more Hitlers.

The next few years will see a once-in-a-century chance to build a better world from the shattered remnants of the old one. America can seize this chance, and lead other nations, victors and vanquished, into an era of peace, plenty, and liberty for all.

Dare we evade this responsibility?

It is up to the new Congress to decide. It must bring to its debates a wisdom which sees the forest as well as the trees, and forgoes the lesser for the greater good.

Continually, during the coming year, questions will arise requiring the highest brand of statesmanship:

Shall we ration ourselves, so that people who have never done anything for us may eat good American meat?

Shall we deprive ourselves of new clothes, so that others may avoid cold and misery?

Shall we tax ourselves to rebuild shattered homes on the other side of the world?

If we are wise, we will. Enabling them to produce wealth of their own turns them into customers and strengthens America economically. Helping them to a decent place in the world strengthens America politically and spiritually.

Our present enemies have undergone great sacrifices to tear down the world. Can we do less to rebuild it? The new Congress must decide. May God watch over its councils and guide its debates!

Paul Hunter

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A strange excitement shone in Jenny's eyes whenever she saw pain inflicted—a passion which drove her to do unpredictable things under its impulse. To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature more naked and shameless and merciless than death itself! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

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But John was different, Jenny loved him and their four sons—until she deceived even him with pious Elder Pittridge, to whom she whispered, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

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